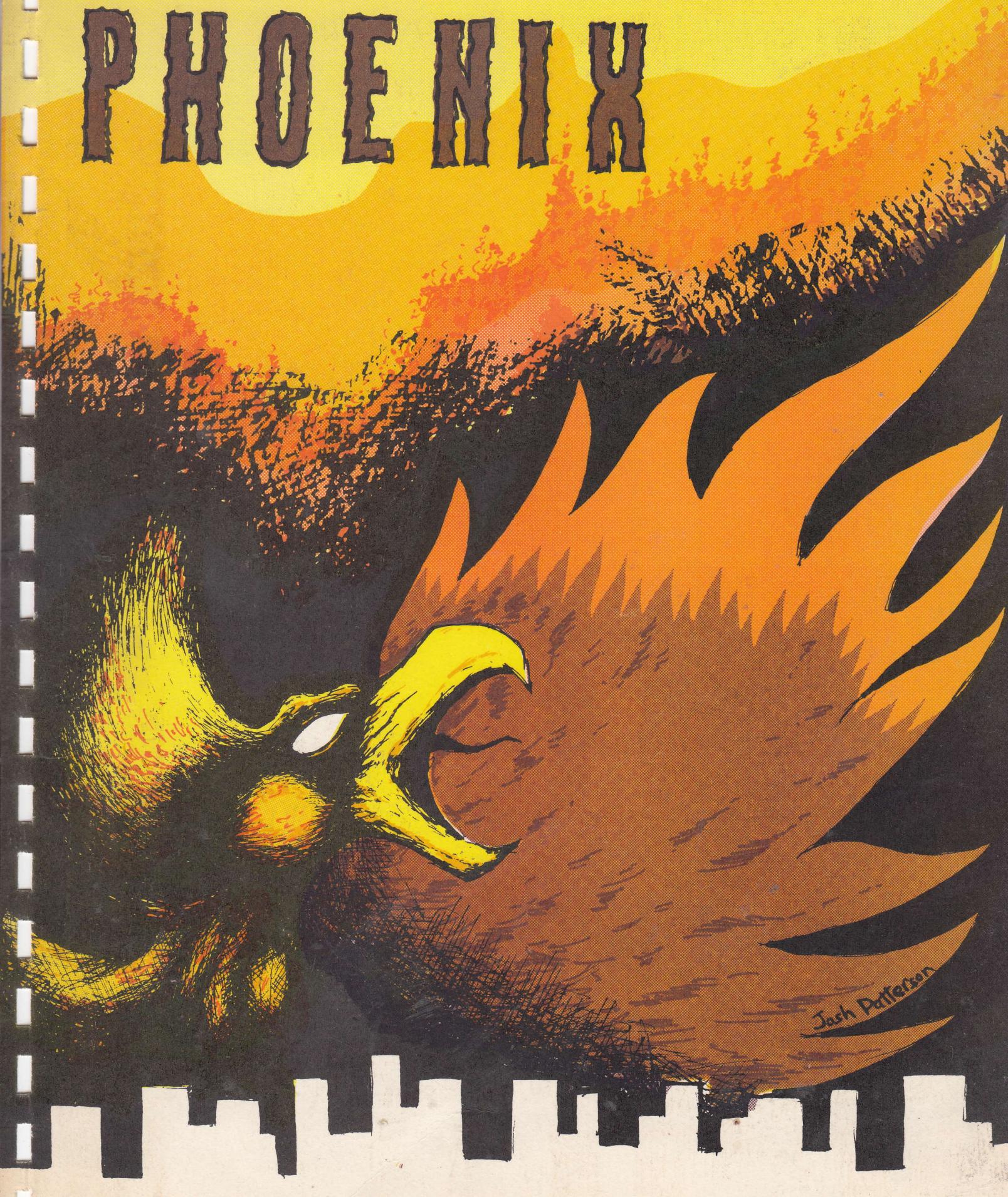
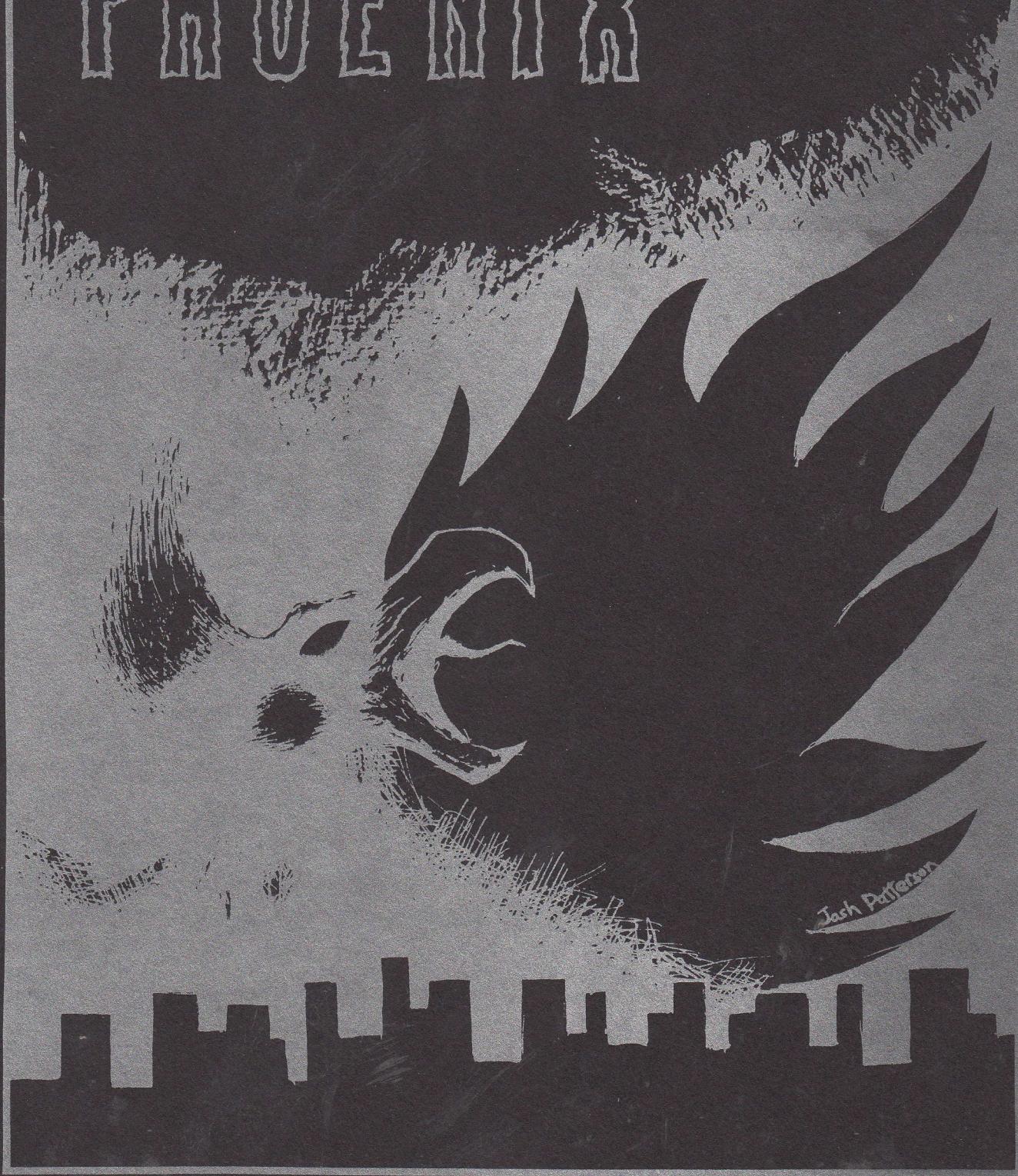


PHOENIX



PHOENIX



Why Phoenix?

by Shelley Lavin

The phoenix is a mythical, eagle-like bird with brightly colored feathers of gold, purple, and red. The phoenix lives in Paradise, just beyond the eastern horizon from which the sun rises.

According to the Egyptian version of the legend, after five hundred years of life, the phoenix grows tired. It can not die in Paradise, however, so it flies with the sun to the west, where it builds a nest of twigs from spice trees. That night, it sits on the nest and sings a song of rare beauty for all to hear.

Come dawn, the phoenix commands the sun into flight and its rays ignite the nest, which bursts into fragrant flames, giving off a scent of cinnamon and sweet spices. The phoenix burns to ashes with the nest. From within the ashes, a new bird emerges, renewed. The new phoenix, accompanied by a flock of birds, gathers the ashes of the old and brings them to a temple where they will be buried, before it returns to Paradise for another five hundred years of life.

The phoenix, a symbol of eternal life, is an inspiration for poets, writers, and artists. As creators, we have been inspired and have chosen "Phoenix" as the title to represent this summer's yearbook. The idea of rebirth is especially relevant as we celebrate the history of Buck's Rock. Each year we come to camp renewed. We spend our summer in "Paradise" here at Buck's Rock. But we, like the phoenix, feel our time in Paradise draw to a close as the summer ends.

We do not just leave, but shine in a day of glowing performances, exhibitions, and beauteous song that we call Festival. The day turns into night and people leave as the fire burns on. The next morning, nothing is left but the sweet smelling remnants of a wonderful summer. Out of these ashes stirs a new bird. Part of the old bird remains, as old campers and counselors return, but it is a new bird that returns year after year to Paradise, following a journey to bury the old phoenix. We are always accompanied by a flock of birds: the friends who will be with us forever.

The cycle begins anew, always a new phoenix coming back to Paradise at Buck's Rock, but still a phoenix returning. We are the phoenix and every time you read this, you will remember how, for a summer of five hundred years, you lived in Paradise.

Yearbook Dedication: Dr. Jonas Salk by Beth Kalisch

In America we have extended the definition of a hero to include any successful athlete or actor. The trial of O.J. Simpson is a current example of this. But while we can admire and appreciate celebrities for what they contribute to the world, we can't forget who our real heroes are.

In the 1940's and 50's, the polio epidemic hit America hard. Poliomyelitis is a potentially fatal disease discovered in 1840. The effects of polio include nerve cell damage, leading to temporary or permanent paralysis, and respiratory failure. Polio patients whose lungs had become paralyzed had to spend the rest of their lives living in "iron lungs", early respirators that prevented patients' movement. The disease was called "infant paralysis," because its most common victims were children. The summer polio reached its peak, families were afraid to go to public pools or beaches for fear of infection. Charitable programs such as the March of Dimes raised money for polio patients and research being done to help stop polio.

The polio scare also touched Buck's Rock in 1949. Festival, which was traditionally open to any visitors who wished to see our camp, was cancelled that year because of feelings by some parents that it would not be safe. Ernst sent the letter reproduced on the following page and a copy of the 1949 festival program to parents, explaining his decision.

Jonas Salk was a medical research scientist who, after working with other doctors to find a vaccine for influenza, started to battle polio. Scientists all around the world shared discoveries they had made in their searches for a vaccine. Finally, in 1954, Jonas Salk's vaccine against polio was approved. Children usually terrified of shots "lined up with [their] arms out because [they] were so terrified of polio."

In 1952, there were 57,879 cases of polio reported in America. This declined to only a few cases each year due to the vaccines of Jonas Salk and the later oral vaccine of Albert Sabin. In 1991, polio was officially eradicated from the Americas.

"I regard these as the true heroes," says Ernst of people like Jonas Salk, who, through their creative genius, have made a difference in the world, and saved lives.

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

Tel. New Milford 1075

Dear Parents,

It is with great regret that I have to tell you that the Buck's Rock annual festival will not take place this year and Buck's Rock will remain closed to visitors.

As you know, I have written twice to you in regard to our festival. From your reaction, I gathered that the majority of the parents were in favor of it, but quite a few expressed doubts as to the advisability of holding it, due to the nationwide concern over the polio epidemic.

Had it been left to my judgement alone, I, like the majority of the parents, would have wanted the festival to have taken place. It was, however, necessary for me to postpone it to a possible reunion in winter, in view of the fact that the number of parents who wanted me to do so, was large enough to be taken into account.

I have postponed the festival with deep reluctance, as I know the importance of this traditional event to the campers of Buck's Rock. It is an important emotional experience for them; a vital transitional step in the process of growing up. To them the festival is more than a day of fun and pleasure. It is the day on which they say to you: Come and see what we have accomplished during our summer at Buck's Rock. To present the results of their efforts to the outside world is of major importance to them. It gives them a sense of pride and dignity to enter the adult world on a basis of accomplishment.

Because I recognize and appreciate the meaning of the festival to our campers, I had hoped almost to the last day that it still could have taken place. It was only during the last three weeks that all their efforts developed into the remarkable results that they wanted you to see and I am truly sad that you as well as they should have been deprived of this experience.

Since I might not be able to see all of you, I would like to take this opportunity to tell you what pleasure it had been to watch the growth and development of your children this summer.

P.S. Since our campers had printed this invitation, I am enclosing it on their behalf to give you an idea of the program your children had prepared for you.

Most sincerely,

Ernst Bulova

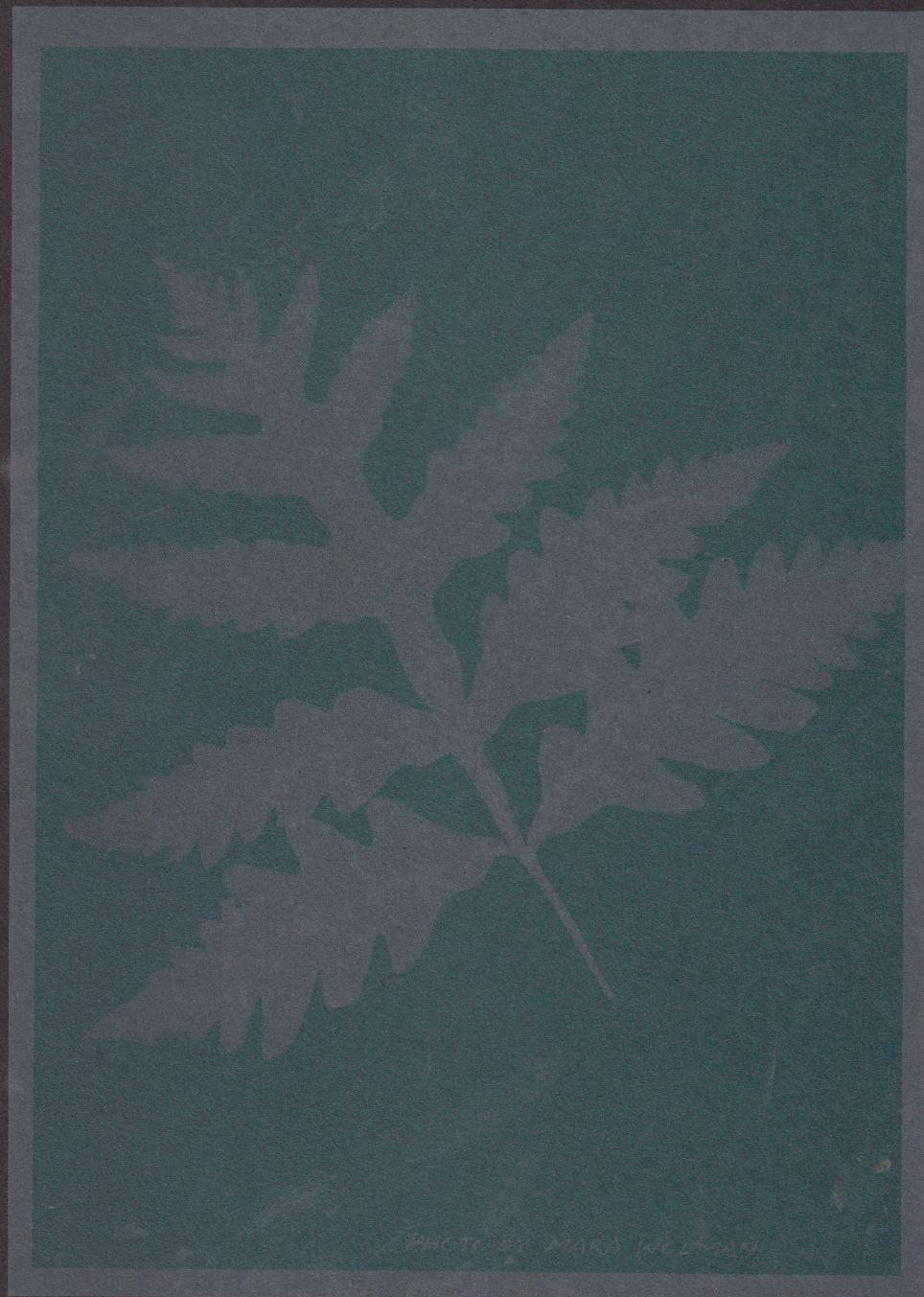




Photo by David J. Hogg





photo by Bari Zibrak



Visual Arts

"Methinks my own soul must be a bright invisible green."

-Henry David Thoreau

"To me every hour of the light and darkness is a miracle, every cubic inch of space is a miracle."

-Walt Whitman

Foto Shop

Respectfully Submitted,
Adriane Sandler

We are the photo shop, the mighty, mighty Foto Shoppe. Everywhere we go, people want to know who we are, so we tell them. Okay. Foto shop has been great this year. We've listened to groovy music, been toned, smelled wonderful, and fixed our clothes. Also we've always been sweet and cordial to each other. Our Foto shoppe counselors - Ann, Geoff and Mike - have taught us everything we've ever wanted to know but were afraid to ask. Karyn and Avi, our JC's, have taught us to dance. David Golden, a CIT dude, takes groovyphunkypsychohippilywackyfreakoartsy photos. Priscilla Ullmann, the mack-mommy CIT, is a RAD photographer. As for me, well, I've had a great time as a Photo CIT

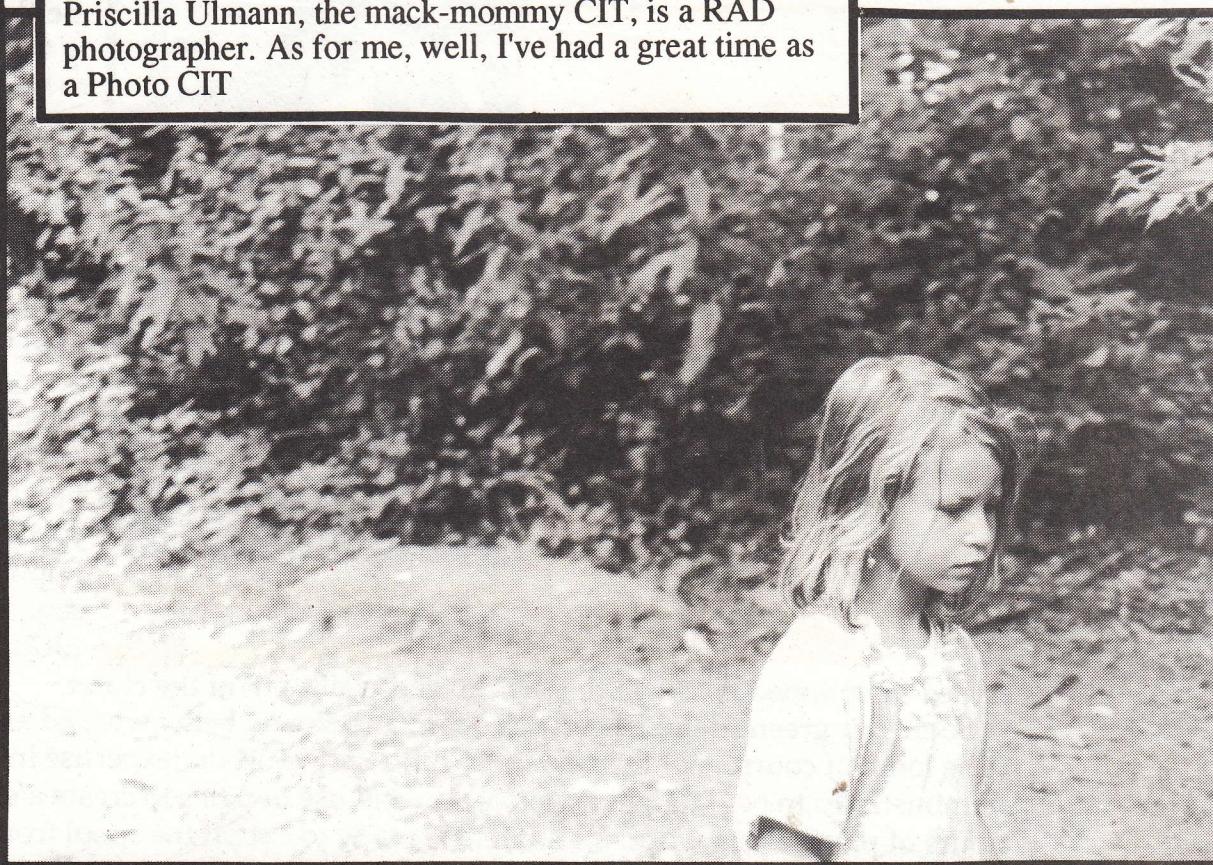


photo by Rachel Brown

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Forrest Green

by Marisa Escobar

One spool of forest green pearl cotton sits on a shelf among many identical spools of the same hue. No spool is distinguishable from the other, except in the amount of string remaining on each one. All of a sudden, the zen of the string is broken by a voice. "Is there a C.I.T. here? I wanna make a belt."

"Jessica? Spiller? Lapine?" another voice calls out.

"They aren't here," a third voice replies, "but I can help."

This is the most exciting news the pearl cottons have heard all day. The shop is so filled with tapestry weavers, like Rea-Chill La-pine, Rea-Chill Spill-er, and Geary Jones (who pass over them because

of their dull textures), they are excited by the prospect of a belt weaver. Belts offer the opportunity to leave life on the shelf to become something exciting.

"Here." As the voice enters the yarn closet the spools recognize the voice as belonging to Mryza S-Cola-R, weaver extraordinaire. "Pick some yarns out and we'll get you started."

The girl stares at the pearl cottons and each spool holds its breath, hoping to be the one chosen. After an eternity, she picks our forest green

friend (mentioned before in this article) and walks out of the closet.

Soon, our green friend is on a peg board and slowly being warped around Jan Brady. (The loom of course, not the person.) Mryza shows off her expertise in belt making as she demonstrates to her student how to tie on and use heddles to create a shed. Finally, after hours of painstaking work, the student is ready to cut off the spool from the warp. The remaining string is disappointed to be stuck on the spool, but the string on the loom is tremendously excited to be on its way to becoming a belt.

Then comes the time to wind a shuttle. More of our forest green friend is cut free from its monotonous life in the weaving closet. It is off to see the world.

Slowly, the girl weaves the string into her warp and chats with the friendly staff. All around her she sees finished projects that used to be just random strings. The beautiful community tapestry and the rugs hanging around the shop inspire her to keep going with her work.

Thirty minutes later, she is ready to cut her belt off Jan Brady. A silent cheer rises up from the pearl cottons as they wish their comrade, the forest green string which has just metamorphosized into a beautiful belt, good luck in the wild world.



BARGELLO

by Bargello Groupies

"Ladies and gentleman! Boys and girls of all ages! I regret to inform you that Bargello is cancelled today. Bargello is cancelled today," intones Zen master Alyssa Firger over the P.A. The heart wrenching shrieks of dismay are even more audible than when the canteen is closed. Another day goes on without bargello needles. Another day of precious bargello time is lost. It could have been a time to reflect, a time to grow as a person, to become one with the canvas. Another day goes by without the wisdom of the Zen master.

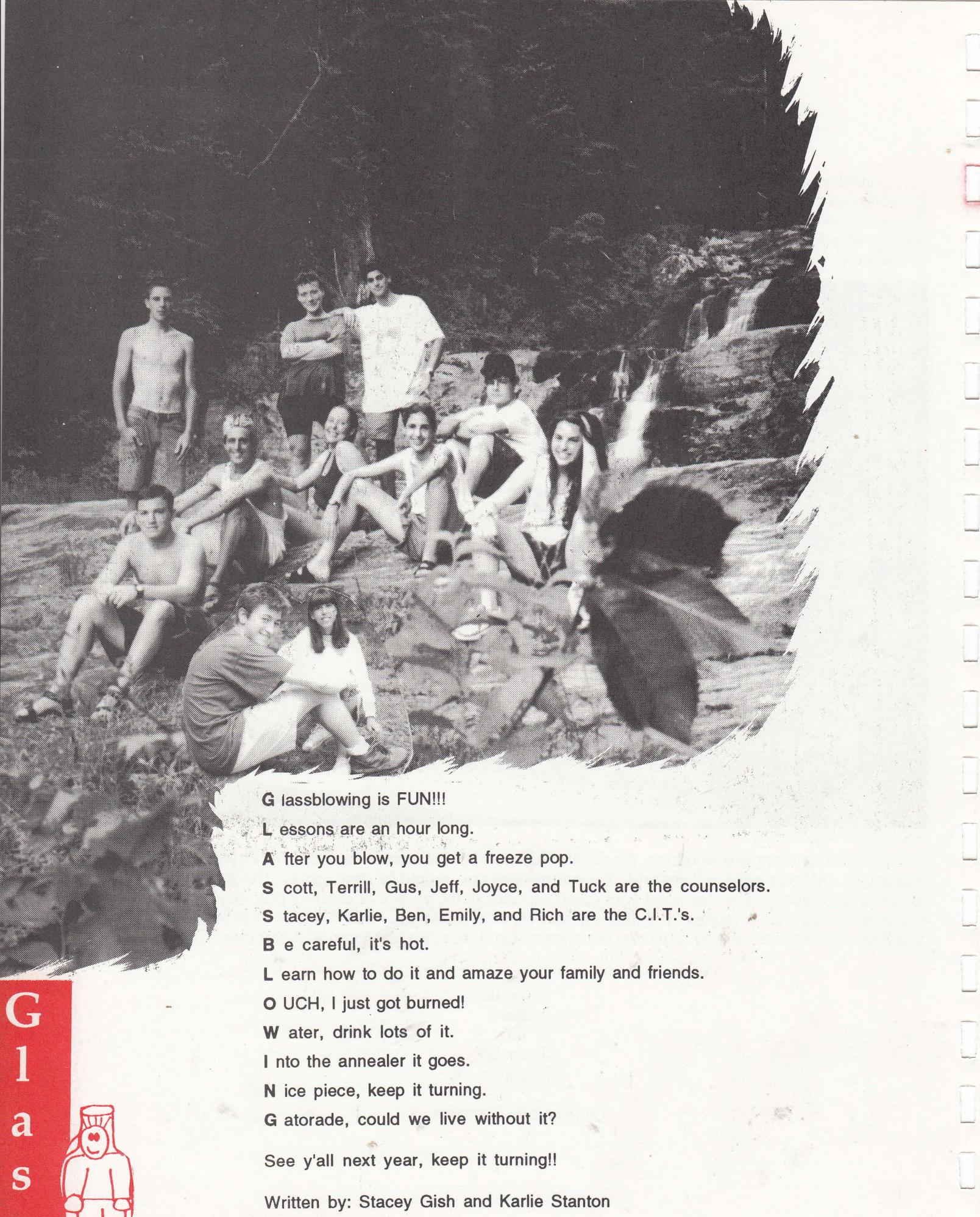


Photo by David Astbury

Then one day there was rejoicing, the needles had arrived and were in the hands of Phyllis, the winged messenger. All was right in the world. Everything was as it should be once again. The geometric stitching of canvas (not needlepoint mind you) could continue in the pursuit of creating pillows, purses, bookmarks, and wall hangings. But alas, the needles were too small. Will Bargello ever be the same? The Zen master must retire to reflect on the matter. Until then, we leave you with our cheer.

Bar
Bargello
Bar
Bar
Bargello
Stitch on.

The Bargello Groupies



Glassblowing is FUN!!!

Lessons are an hour long.

After you blow, you get a freeze pop.

Scott, Terrill, Gus, Jeff, Joyce, and Tuck are the counselors.

Stacey, Karlie, Ben, Emily, and Rich are the C.I.T.'s.

Be careful, it's hot.

Learn how to do it and amaze your family and friends.

OUCH, I just got burned!

Water, drink lots of it.

Into the annealer it goes.

Nice piece, keep it turning.

Gatorade, could we live without it?

See y'all next year, keep it turning!!!

Written by: Stacey Gish and Karlie Stanton



Silkscreen/Printmaking '95

by Chrissy Rand

This year we have a shortage of personnel in the Silkscreen/ Printmaking Shop. There are the two wonderful shop heads - Patricia and Cynthia. Then there is Harris in Silkscreen, our slam dunking basketball man. Of course, we can't leave out the CITs: Alex and me. We'll be making one thousand copies of a print for the yearbook, shop shirts, the Buck's Rock T-shirt and all the other stuff. How much more work could we possibly have? Actually we did have one other counselor, Brian Kelly from printmaking - but he has left us to face our fate on our own.



Photo by Adriana Sandler

We also seem to have a problem with fans; they mysteriously find ways to fall out of windows. Other than that, we handle things pretty well. We also had a slight incident with the power in our shop. We've discovered that it isn't possible to use a blow dryer at certain times. We apologize to WBBC for shutting their power down while in the process of getting ours back. Speaking of WBBC - What's with the stupid prizes you give out? If you want the Silkscreen/Printmaking shop to participate in "Buck Rocks" so badly, maybe you should give out BETTER PRIZES!

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Leather

Written by Claire's extended family:
Brian Landman, Abagail Levin, and Lee Finkel

Float on down to the green submarine. Cross the drawbridge into the cozy corners of the leather shop. The summer of 1995 has been filled with many exciting changes. The biggest and most important change, of course, was the arrival of the always friendly, first ever leather CIT, Brian Landman. In addition, there was a welcome drawbridge put in to greet the head of the shop, Madame Claire and her familiar cat, Maazy. Of course, the sub is still sinking closer and closer to China everyday, but what a trip.

The favorites in the leather shop this year have not changed much from last summer. Some of the more popular items are hackey sacks, wallets, belts, bracelets . . . the sky is the limit. Coming to leather is always a good time. Not only can you create excellent projects, but the chit-chat and great stories are never-ending.



Photo by Laura Bernard



Ten Simple Steps For Making a Ring With a Stone.

by Nora Guyer, Diana Metrick and Renay Frankel.

1. You open jewelry shop door (careful of the screaming masses inside.)
2. You watch out for the jewelry shop alien (a.k.a. Kristen).
3. You are greeted by Juliet's (J.C.) gentle request:

"We have limited space in here...and it's getting sort of crowded so...if you're like filing or sanding, please move to the outside tables."

4. Disregarding this announcement, you proceed to the window, where you ask how long it will take to make a ring with a stone. Off in the corner next to the fan, you see Renay (C.I.T.) creating fantastic jewelry that she will hate, and, without fail, give to her friends.

5. While trying to get a counselor's attention, you observe Suzanne doing ballet to Brian's karaoke rendition of "I will survive."

6. Finally flagging down Kristen, you ask for silver to make your ring. She tells you to find your ring size in inches.

7. While on your knees, searching for the template, you encounter a pair of purple sneakers with green laces. You look up to see Dione's smiling face! Below you, on the floor, Diana is picking up pieces of dust, looking for someone else's stone.

8. Now that you've FILED and shaped your ring, you're ready to solder. (Unfortunately, your edges don't quite meet, as Elena points out in her American accent.) Quickly flattening the side of your ring, she hands you over to Juliet for the soldering speech.

9. After 49 tries, your bezel finally fits the stone (and hasn't been melted by Nora).

10. As you saunter over to the buffing machine, you pass Juliet and Renay in their matching shirts. After polishing and setting your stone, you are permitted to wear your ring for a few days before the shop snatches it back and locks it in the display case.

Lucky for you, Suzanne's there to clean up after you.

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ART SHOP

by Elizabeth Koster (or Fizzy)

Characters:

CITs- Roger, Angel, Matt, and Fizzy (but most of the Art staff calls her Elizabeth)

JC- Marisa

Counsellors- Leslye, John, Stacy, Chris, Renae, and Charles

Painter #1, #2, and #3

Scene 1- Disorder

Stacy (shrieking): Watch out!

A palette of freshly applied oil paints crashes to the floor, face down. Angel edges away, walking casually to the door to avoid cleaning up.

Painter #1 (in a heavy Long Island accent): Oh my gawd! I can't believe this. Awl of my paints are on the floor.

Charles: We only have four CITs, it's not fair that one CIT would be here alone-- we need one to be a sink NAZI (he grins) and the other to sweep the floor.

Chris: Yes, yes, 'tisn't fair that one CIT should have to do all the work, don't you agree?

Charles: Elizabeth, why don't you get some paper towels to clean this up?

Fizzy (imitating Chris's British accent): Yes, yes, don't you agree?

Chris: That's very good, Elizabeth. You'll have to teach me the American accent. I've always wanted to know the American accent.

Scene 2- Staff Meeting

Stacy: The new staff member, Renae, is coming this morning. We're so understaffed and everything's hectic so hopefully it'll work out. She used to work as a teacher in an art school in Australia. She seems nice.

Fizzy: Did you check her references?

Stacy: No, but we know her background.

Fizzy: How do you know if you didn't check her references? This sounds suspiciously like The Hand That Rocks the Cradle.

Stacy (giggling): Elizabeth! She used to be a Nanny.

Fizzy: A Nanny! Even more suspicious!

Marisa lifts her head from the table.

Marisa (annoyed and exhausted, mumbling): God, I'm so tired. Elizabeth, be realistic. Do you really think Buck's Rock would hire a psycho art teacher?

Matt: Well, you never know. Have you ever seen The Hand That Rocks the Cradle? Man, that was awesome when the nanny took all of the air out of her asthma inhaler thing, and she was wheezing for air like this (demonstrates her breathing).

Angel: And when the greenhouse crashed down on her--

Charles: Guys.

Angel: All the glass cut into her--

Charles: Guys (he gets their attention). Come on, people really. What questions do you want to ask her when she comes? To see if she's acceptable.

Roger: Where are your references?

The door to the Art Shop opens and a woman walks in hesitantly, smiling nervously.

Stacy: Everyone, this is Renae.

Staff (not at the same time): Hello.

Renae: Nice to meet you.

Scene 3- Garbage can

Chris: Elizabeth, could you come over here, she's lost her ring, do you see it (rummaging through the garbage)? Oh, I see it. How funny isn't it? She dropped it in the garbage when she was throwing away her paints (Painter #2 walks away smiling with her ring on). Elizabeth, did you see my sponge? I seem to have lost it.

Fizzy (picking up a sponge): No, is this it?

Chris (looking befuddled): No, that's not it. Where is it? Where's my sponge (Rummaging through the garbage)? There it is, I found it (holding it up, laughing). It was in the garbage isn't that funny? Becky. (Calling over to Rebecca, sculpture CIT). Becky. (She turns to look at him). He enunciates his words carefully, trying to hide his British accent with an American accent. The red... fox... jumped over... the log. There, was that good, Becky?

Scene 4- Work

Elsewhere in the room, John looks over someone's painting

John: You might want to change the proportion on that face. Do you see how this eye is wider than this one? Matt wanders over to the boy painting.

Matt: Can I see? (The boy steps out of the way.) Oh, it's not that bad.

Matt wanders off and puts in a Tool CD.

Matt: Tool!

John continues helping, then walks over to Leslye.

John (muttering): When's my break?

Roger (overhearing): Heh, heh. There are no breaks in the art shop!

Painter #3: Leslye! (Leslye walks over to painter #3.) Do you think I should use this light brown, or the white?

Leslye: Go with your gut!

Painter #3: Yes, but what do you think?

Leslye: I can't tell you which colors to use-- be free with it, don't limit yourself.

Painter #3: So you mean use both colors?

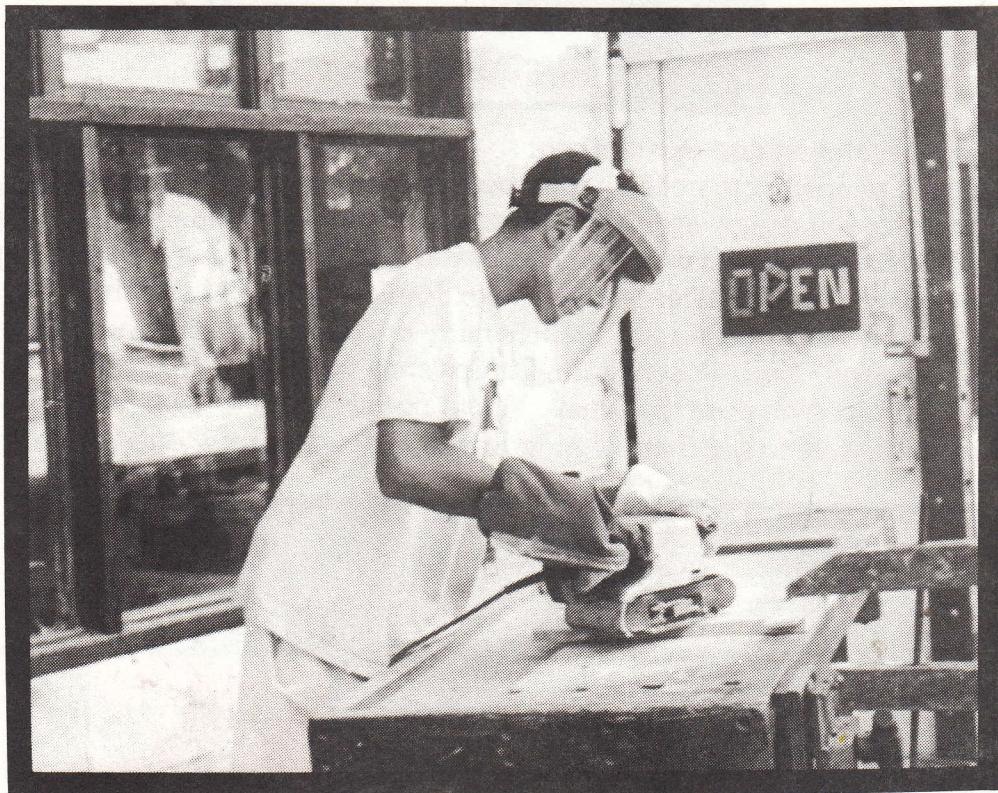
Leslye: If that's how you want it to be. That's what art is all about-- expressing yourself.

The Wood Shop

by Elyse Cahill and Sylvie Rosenthal

A long, long time ago in a wood shop far, far away... It is a time of naked rebellion. The wood shop counselors are striking back at the boring projects being made. The campers will only make bowls, rainsticks, checkerboards, and boxes. Steve is continually wounded, Pete has escaped on the Wind Jammer III, Chris is happily playing guitar, Jon is busy playing with Star Wars toys, and Andy is tormenting the campers "What the hell?" It is up to the CITs, Elyse and Sylvie, to let imagination and creative projects (process) survive. Who will win? All we know is:

**ELYSE
AND
SYLVIE
ARE
THE
WOMEN.**



Beth Kalisch

Andy Lees-Head of Shop
Pete Waldman
Steve Edington
Chris Rush
Jon Parley

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Ceramics

by Jon Berger

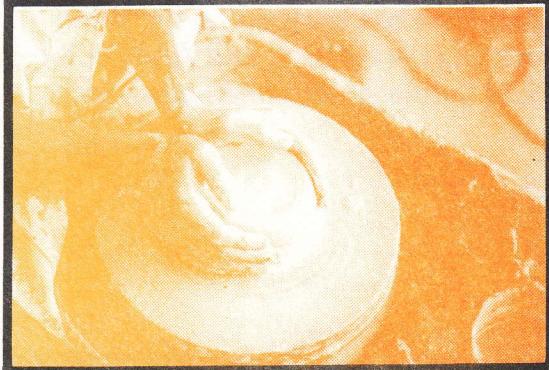
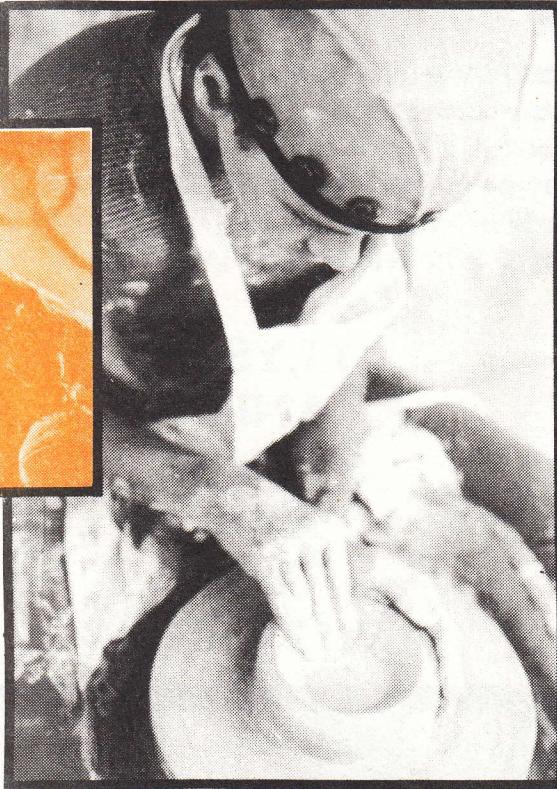


Photo by Vanessa Henke



On a hill (a small one, almost non-existent) not so far away, lived a happy clay studio. Actually, in the beginning, the clay people were not so happy because their long-time king of five years, Tony, had gone on a journey of self discovery. Anyway, a wonderful new nomadic hippie queen named Tania took Tony's place. She was an excellent queen and finally everyone could be happy again. Along with the new queen came master wedger duke Frank, throwin' Owen duke Owen, gas kiln duke Bill, ceramic nerd duke Andrew, and French made duchess Miryam. There were also the noble CITs: Sarah "Sign her scroll" Kroll-Rosenbaum, Da lips shna boy Dan, Mike "rubber glove" Roth, Lara "word" Belkin, and Lani "cookie puss" Sommer. Ye old pottery shop functioned quite well in the summer of 1995, and it is safe to say that the kingdom of clay was happy once more.

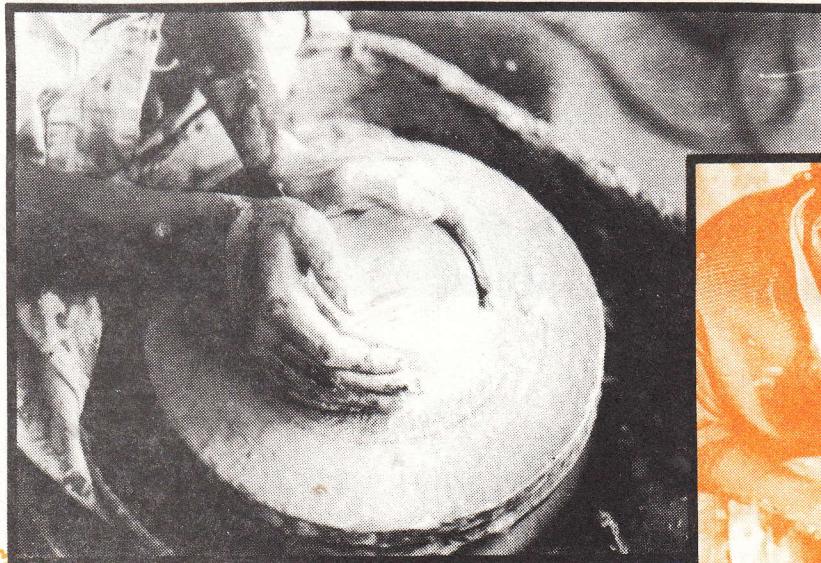


Photo by Vanessa Henke



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The Computer Shop

by Joshua Arten and Neal Alpert



The computer shop is probably one of the newest additions to Buck's Rock. The technology of this shop is extremely up-to-date which makes it second to none in camp. The capability of these new high standard computers is quite impressive.

This year however, we at the computer shop decided to take a different turn and introduce something new. Instead of just playing games throughout the hours, we offered computer programming lessons and art as well which included graphics and animation. The "C++" classes and "Think Pascal" taught people to make their own programs. One of our students made his very own specialized text game in "C++." We have had people make their own banners and other graphic designs using our ink jet color printer. Last but not least, this year we have had the most advanced and intriguing games. Such games are "Return to Zork", "Aces over Europe", "Kings Quest VII", "Descent", "Under a Killing Moon", and "Seventh Guest". All of these are interesting strategy games with the most amazing graphics and sound we have ever seen.

Our staff this year consisted of Greg Humphreys, and Oilien Chong. Greg, the easy going counselor, always fills peoples hearts with wise philosophical values. Oilien, the down to business counselor is lots of fun to be around. Both are great to have as counselors and as friends. The two CITs, Joshua Arten and Neal Alpert, that faithfully assisted both counselors only during their time on duty, made this an enjoyable summer for the computer shop and we hope to have the same great time next year.

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Print Shop

by Michele Traub

ADAM ADLER
Juggling Master
510 486 8799

Daniel B. Rubin
5685 Tequesta Ln.
West Bloomfield MI
48323

Amy Firestone
Bucks Rock
59 Bucks Rock Rd.
New Milford, Conn. 06776

As I sat in the Print Shop as a silent observer, unique music resembling a tribal chant came out of a radio in the back. Two female campers wandered about the small structure, occasionally pausing to print a bumper sticker or business card, which is quite an ordeal on the manual printing presses. On a rack in the corner, pads, stationery, and envelopes were drying. If you looked at the walls, you would find various completed projects of an unusual nature, professing love for rock bands and asking odd and sick questions. From the point of view of a silent observer, the print shop may seem odd. How, though, does it appear to others?

"I've never been there, but they look like nice people."

"The counselors are really nice."

"They play cool music."

"I love Jim's glasses."

"I like Michele's nose ring."

"They didn't make me clean the press." (Don't worry, they usually do.)

"It's conveniently situated in camp."

It is obvious that those who have visited the print shop enjoy it, and with good reason. Counselors Jim and Michele and CIT Alexis are always eager to provide assistance, interesting conversations, and their few important rules:

-Do not drink the cleaning fluid.

-You must have a sense of humor.

In closing, I will use Jim's words of wisdom:

"Print Shop is fun because there is always the threat of spontaneous combustion."

So... what's ↑ ?

SEWING '95

By Lori Iserson - C.I.T
& Alison Grover - C.I.T

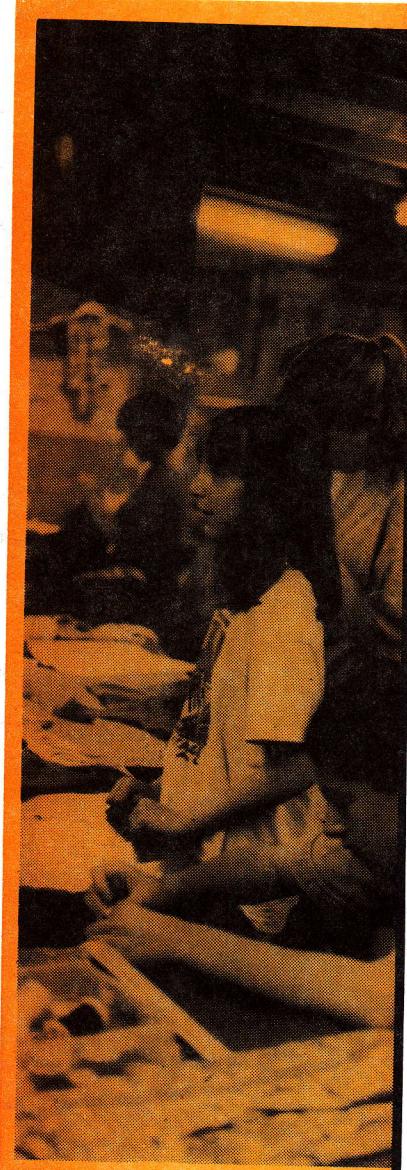


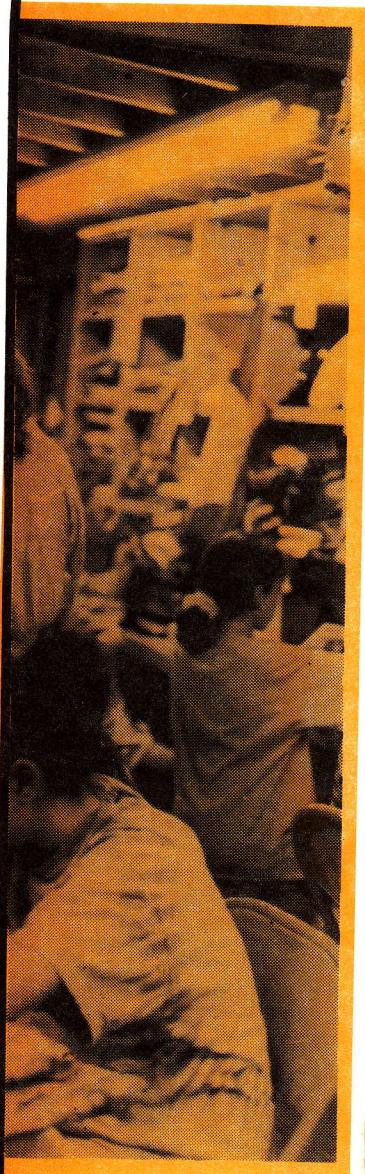
Photo by Vanessa Henke

Back in the year 1995, when Buck's Rock was the camp to go to and the sewing shop was the place to be, people's wardrobes flourished with dozens of handmade pairs of palazzo pants and tank tops galore. This was due to the frequent trips to *Carole's* for their famous dollar-a-yard fabric. Of course, a few donuts and a milkshake never hurt.

The cast and crew of the sewing shop were constantly busy helping millions of campers a day. Due to the heat wave and lack of water, the sewing machines broke frequently (or at least we'd like to think it was due to heat and lack of water). With few machines functioning and hordes of campers running to the shop at the sound of the gong, there was usually mass hysteria within the confines of the newly enlarged sewing area.

To those campers who gathered courage and ventured into the vast void of sewing, it was great having you and we hope to see you again next year. For those who did not visit the loveliest shop on camp, well.....

Special thanks to Debbie Horwits for moral support.



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Fleen Shop

by Daniel Cohen, Fleen CIT

All you readers have been hoping for a cheesy fairy tale about some kid falling in the woods and finding the Fleen Shop, but no! You will not be given that pleasure. Instead, the Fleen Shop article will be just like all the others, because the Fleen Shop is just like all the other shops.

It's almost time for camp, and everything is fine and dandy. You're about to finish packing when your dear mother asks you for a Betamax for her birthday. There's not really a lot you can do. Well, slide on down to the Fleen Shop, where the Buck's Rock philosophy of "Nothing is impossible" holds true. Whether it be hair plugs or eight-tracks, things that seem unusual to the simple-minded camper (who spends every live-long day in Wood) are a piece of cake at the Fleen Shop.



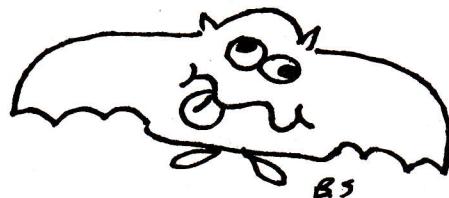
The only thing in your mind now is, "Where do I sign up?" Under the swimming pool, of course. (Thanks to Jon Brooks for that piece of classified information.) Fleen isn't exactly like all the other shops, for only in Fleen are there physical classes as well as making stuff. Every morning from nine to ten are lessons in Pig Latin from Joe Snarf, the Fleen counselor, who is fluent in over six million forms of communication. Following that is a class of the new martial art Defenestrato, the art of throwing someone out of a window. This year, the wood shop requested for Mark Hammill to be a visiting artist, but he was too busy at the Fleen Shop, teaching excited campers to make light sabers. All in a day's work!

So never be glum. When there's nothing to be done, or you need a helping hand in making your recipe of instant noodle soup, check out what's going on at the Fleen Shop.

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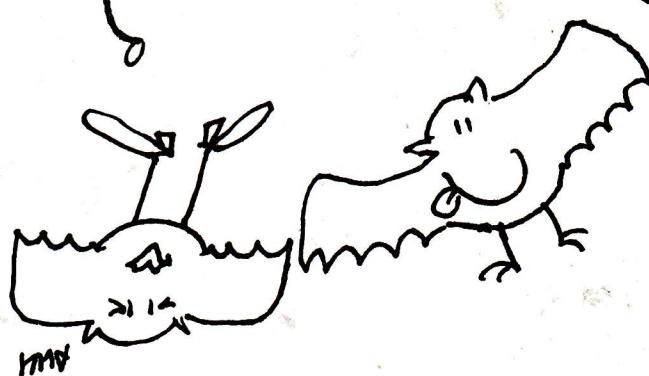
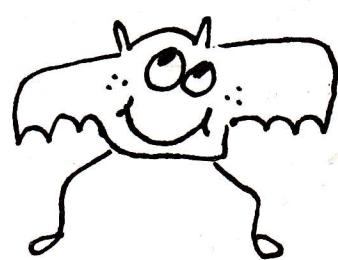
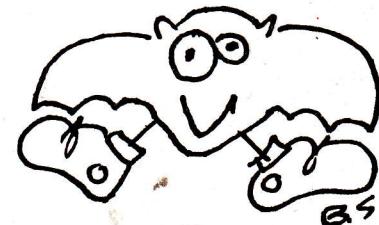
Bati Batik

by Malka Fenyvesi



AGITATE! AGITATE!! Yelps come from the Batik Shop along with cries from campers to save them from monstrous spiders that crawl out of wax pots. Luckily, Malka, the lone and brave CIT, has the power to protect these various batikers from evil spiders. In the meantime, Justine plays the "Pulp Fiction" soundtrack yet one more time on the much-fought-over stereo. Rose Marie reminds the faithful batikers that the stools are NOT for sitting on because she doesn't want to burn herself pulling them out of the wax when they fall in. Through all this, the much sunburned Anna (one of our three English Roses) continues with stoic determination to busily fix all the dyers. Marie, who chops veggies in the morning and helps in the shop during the afternoon, choruses with the other two English Roses "It's LUVERLY!" as they gaze at yet another wonderous Batik creation emerging from the dye bath. Malka gossips and chats with her cronies as they swish watercolors on their freshly made greeting cards.

We reach for another cup 'o' bug juice...oops, that's dye, and munch on a ginger "biscuit." It's just another day in the Bati Batik Shop.



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SCULPTURE

by Rebecca Gordon

All that I can remember about sculpture is the time when that kid died (misuse of power tools). Oh yes, and that girl who was whisked off in the ambulance to the New Milford hospital. All of that hot wax she had downed finally did clog up the arteries. These minor inconveniences and many more have given sculpture its reputation for being "where it all happens".



Photo by Vanessa Henke

The old rusted metal in the rear of the shoppe are the only traces left of an ancient civilization. Fortunately, campers have not yet realized that the "metal grinder" is actually a guillotine. Occasionally, we decide against gluing nose tubes to the victim who is having a face mask made. My personal favorite is when a clear plastic cup of linseed oil is mistaken for iced tea and a thirsty person gulps it down. Here we have an optimistic attitude. The key is to look past these casualties and to look at the masterpieces that the brilliant campers are creating.

The counselors are all mean. Eric laughs at fart jokes and Greg is the Brit who loves to clean up rubbish. Mike has long hair and eats broccoli (even though he secretly hates its tree-like figure). He also told me, confidentially, that he is applying for a job at the S&M Tool and Machine Store. John Jeffreys, the cutie of the bunch, likes to tease CITs with hot wax in the staff closet. In contrast to the motley crew of male degenerates, our female degenerate, Staci evolved from the core of white trash in Utah and has a secret fetish for bus seats.

The main problem with the CITs is that half of them don't know how to get to sculpture. I mean, they try, but sometimes they try a short cut and always end up in Print where Jim passes out the Buck's Rock road maps to the lost CITs. Bucky is the skinny one with a dyed blue skater cut, Lowell is tall with bleached hair, Jeremy needs to hibernate, Evan is loud and obnoxious, and Rebecca (me) is that new-comer with the red dreds.

The sculpture shoppe needs to be closed down due to a lack of humour. When I visited, they would only tie me to the couch and push it backwards!

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Camper Showcase

HELPED are those who are enemies of their own racism: they shall live in harmony with the citizens of this world, and not with those of the world of their ancestors, which has passed away, and which they shall never see again.

HELPED are those who find something in Creation to admire each and every hour. Their days will overflow with beauty and the darkest dungeon will offer gifts.

HELPED are those who are content to be themselves; they will never lack mystery in their lives and the joys of self-discovery will be constant.

HELPED are those who create anything at all, for they shall relive the thrill of their own conception, and realize a partnership in the creation of the Universe that keeps them responsible and cheerful.

HELPED are those whose every act is a prayer for peace; on them depends the future of the world.

HELPED are those who love all colors of all the human beings, as they love all the colors of animals and plants; none of their children, nor any of their ancestors, nor any parts of themselves, shall be hidden from them.

HELPED are those who do not join mobs; theirs shall be the understanding that to attack in anger is to murder in confusion.

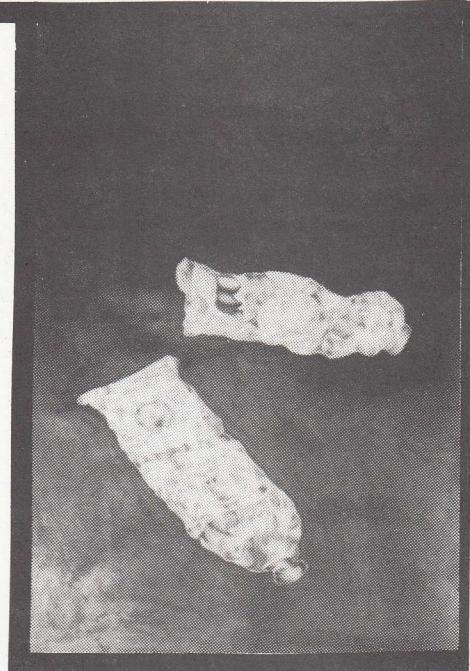
HELPED are those who love and actively support the diversity of life; they shall be secure in their differentness.

HELPED are those who *know*."

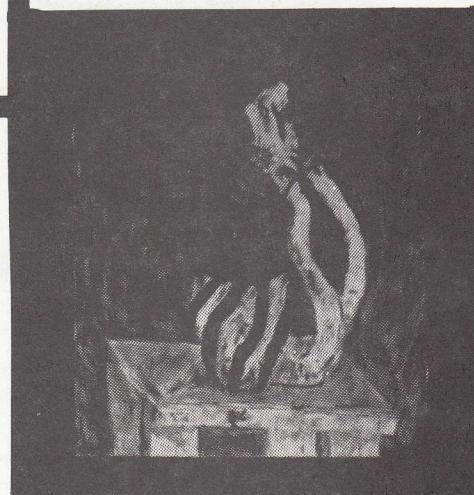
-excerpted from "The Gospel of Shug" from *The Temple of My Familiar* by Alice Walker



Painting by Michael Eisman



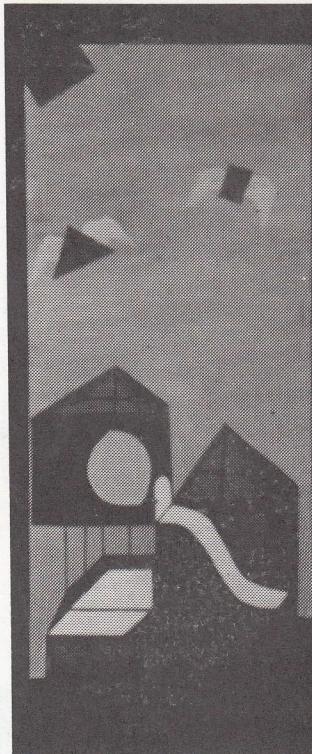
Painting by Allison Steingold



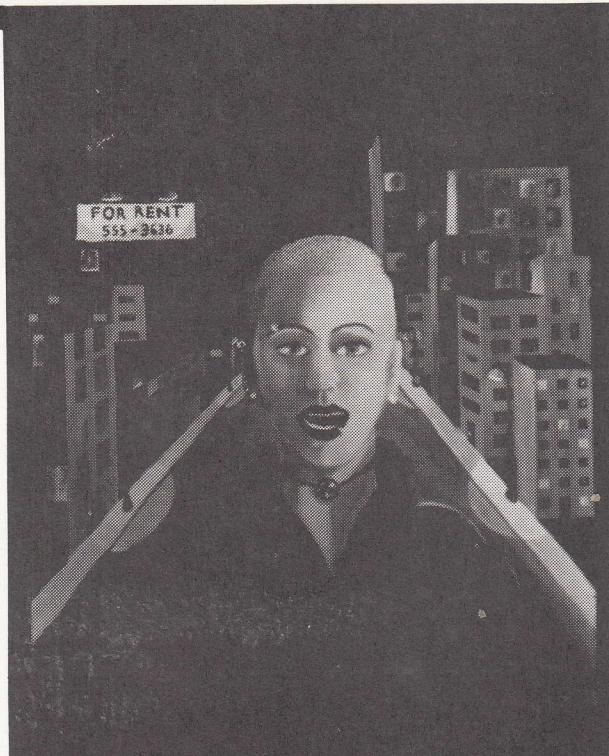
Painting by Phoebe Prioleau



Painting by Sara Roizen



Painting by
Brian Landman.



Painting by Allyson Lipton



Painting by Daniel White



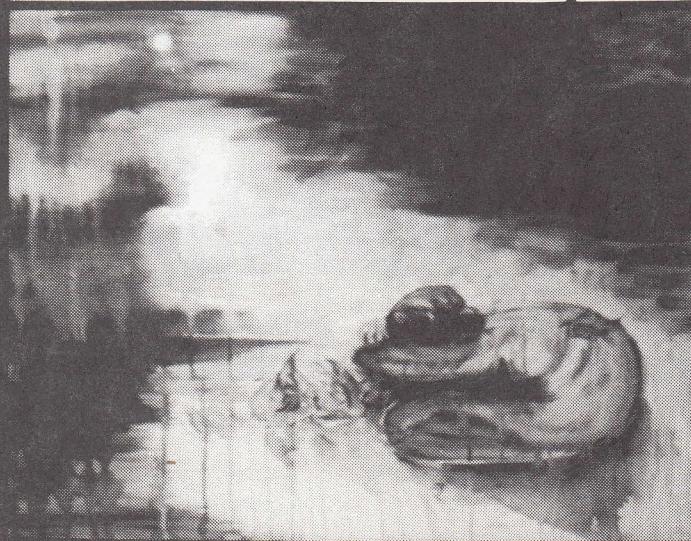
Painting by Lindsay Eckerd



Painting by Angel Vargas



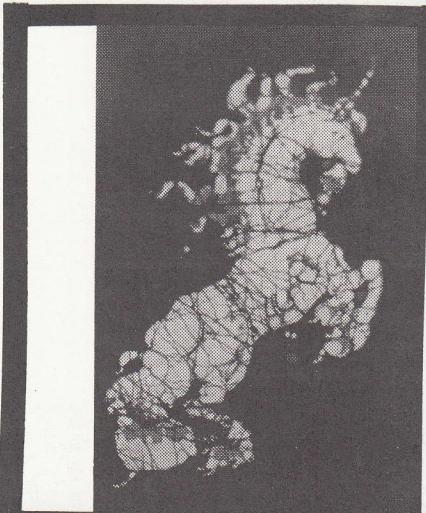
Painting by Laura Fenton



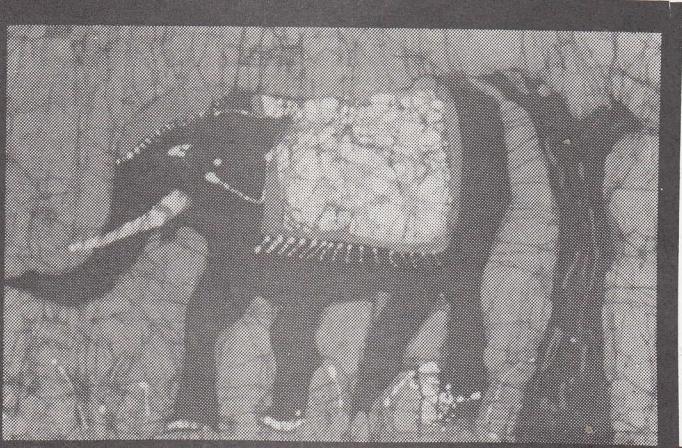
Painting by Nick Mauss



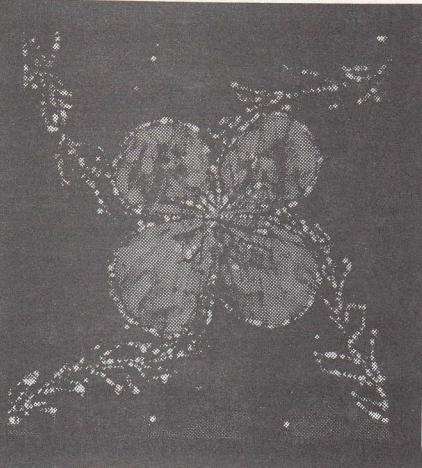
Painting by Elisabeth Karczmer



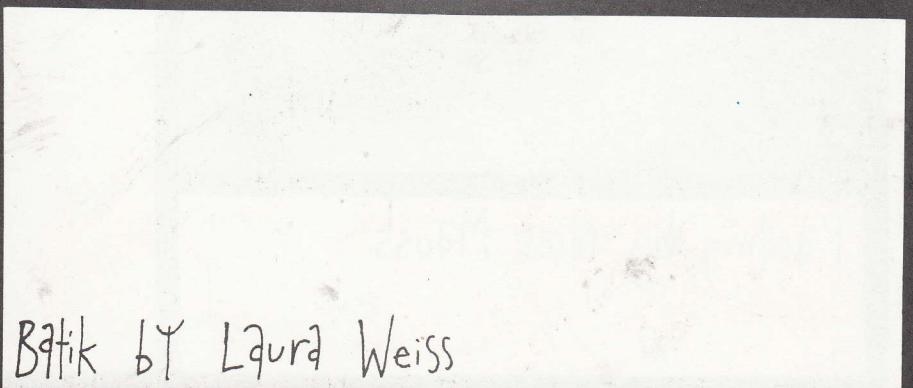
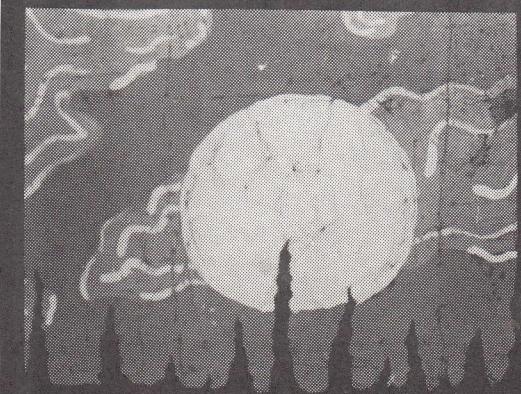
Batik by Sara Roizen



Batik by Stefanie Victor

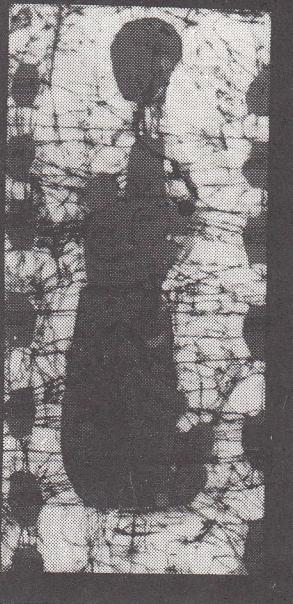


Batik by Rachel Pecker

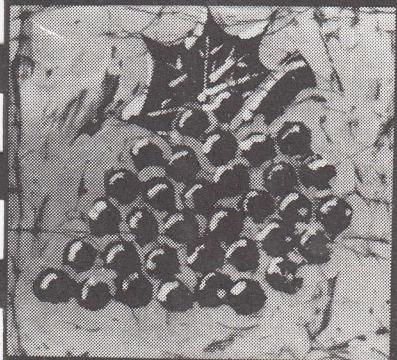


Batik by Laura Weiss

Batik by Jessica Katz



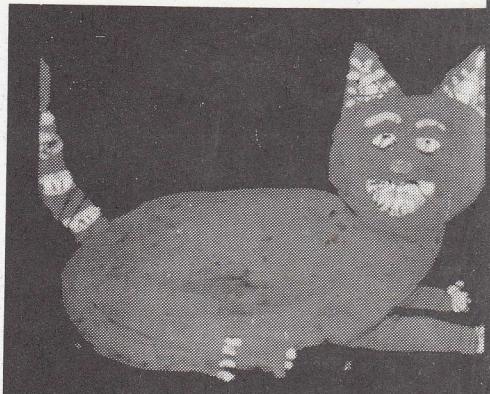
Batik by Alexis Renvoize



Batik by Lili Thom



Batik by:
Maya Swedowsky (pillow)
Gretchen Vogt (flower wrap)
Shelly Lavin (eyegore)



Batik by Brian Jacobs

Perfume bottle by Danya Goss

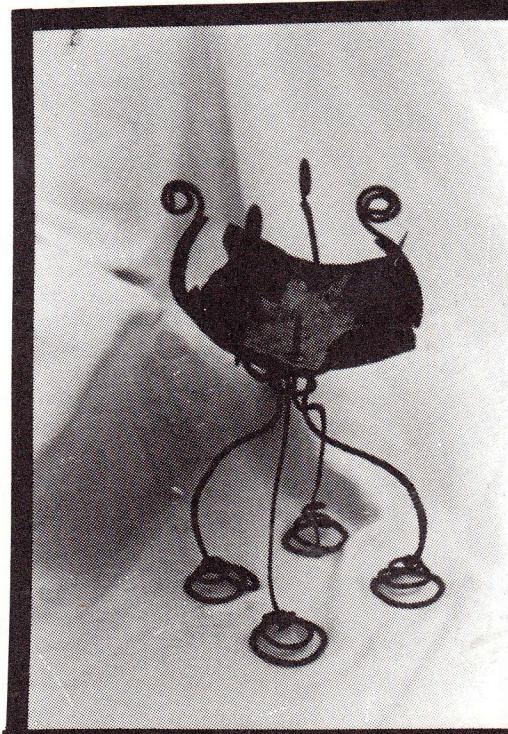
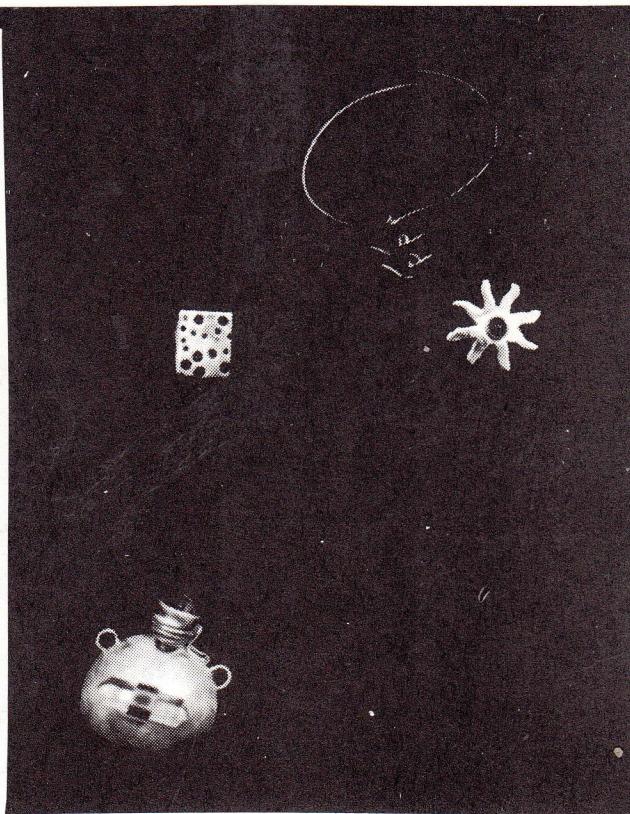
Silver ring by Emily Bond

Ring with holes by

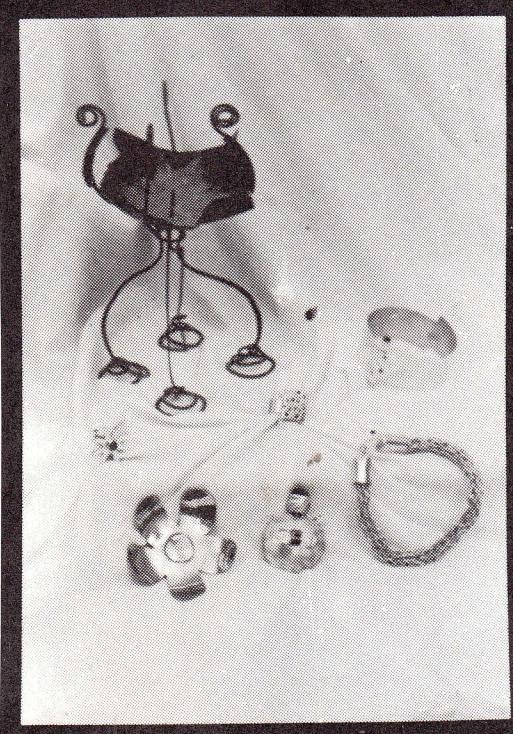
Natalie Prager

Bracelet with stone inset

by Nicole Moskowitz



Metalwork by Dan Franco



Flower by Allison Schultz
Chain bracelet by Jake Bauman



Sculpture by Kate Schapira



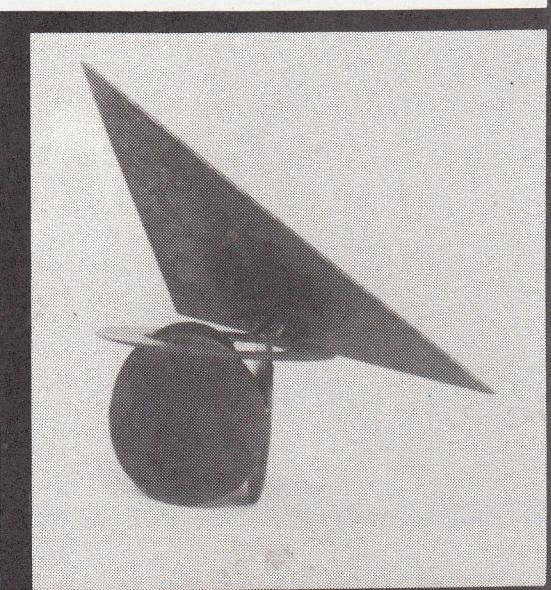
Sculpture by Adam Kirsch



Sculpture by Theo Rosenbaum

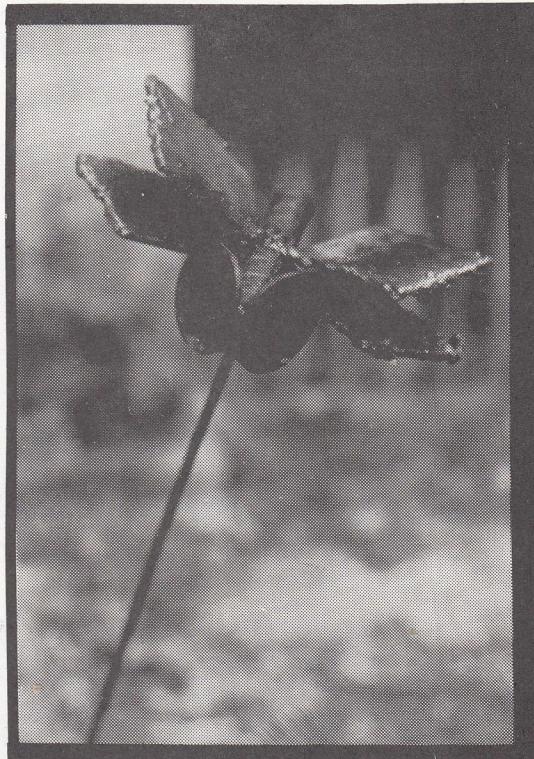
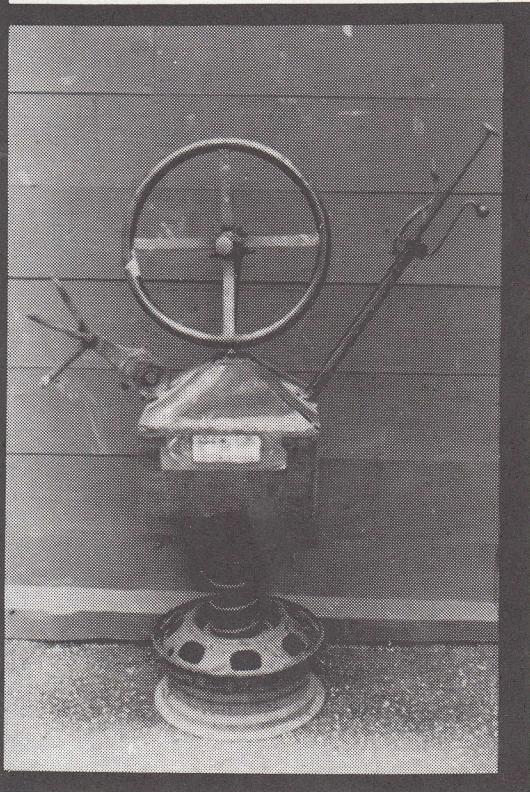


Sculpture by Adam Smith.



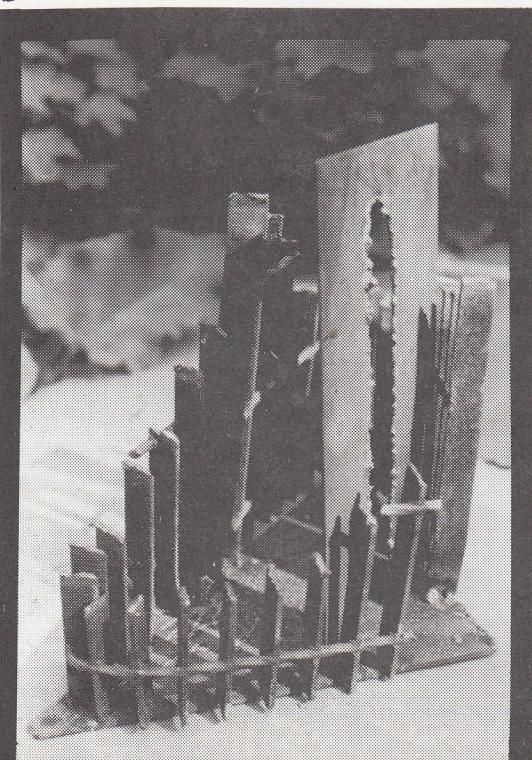
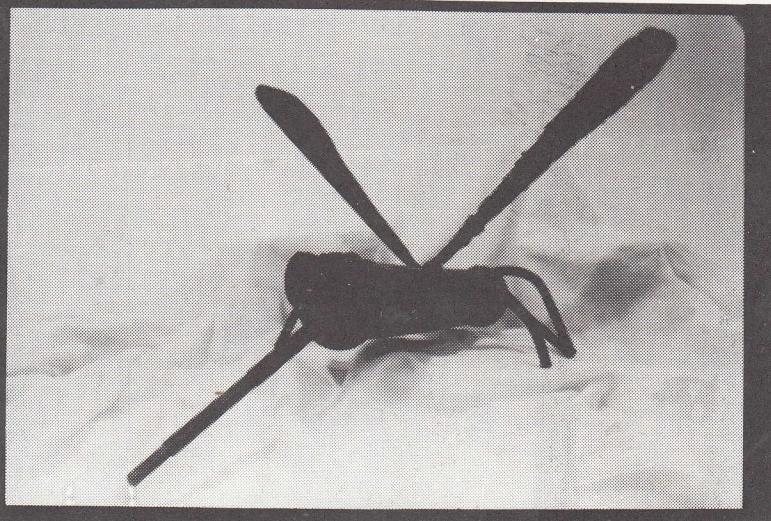
Sculpture by Jeremy Kraft

Sculpture by Andrew Dansker

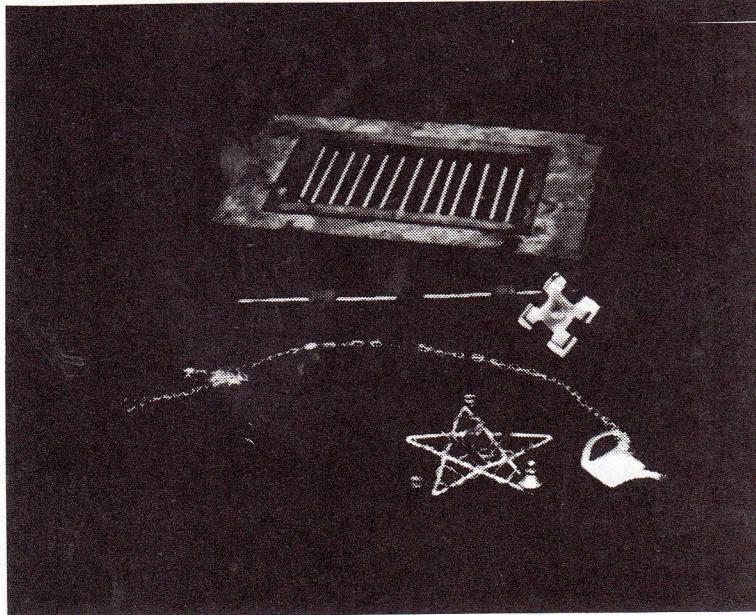


Sculpture by Theo Rosenbaum

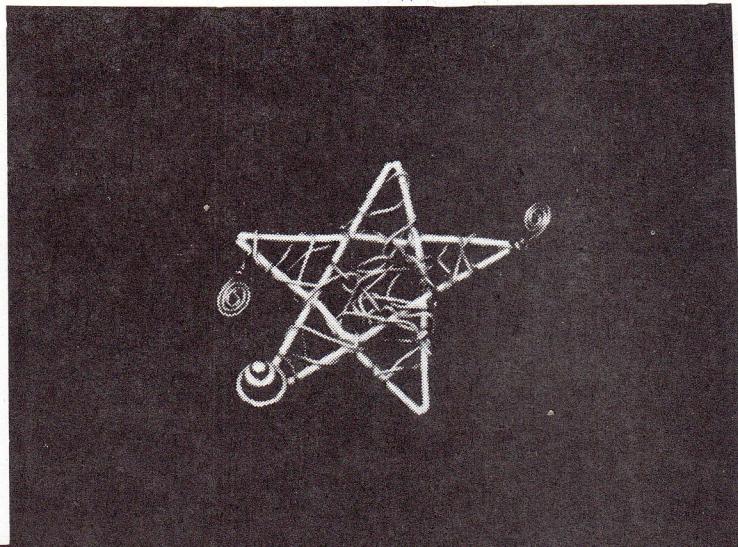
Sculpture by Adam Smith



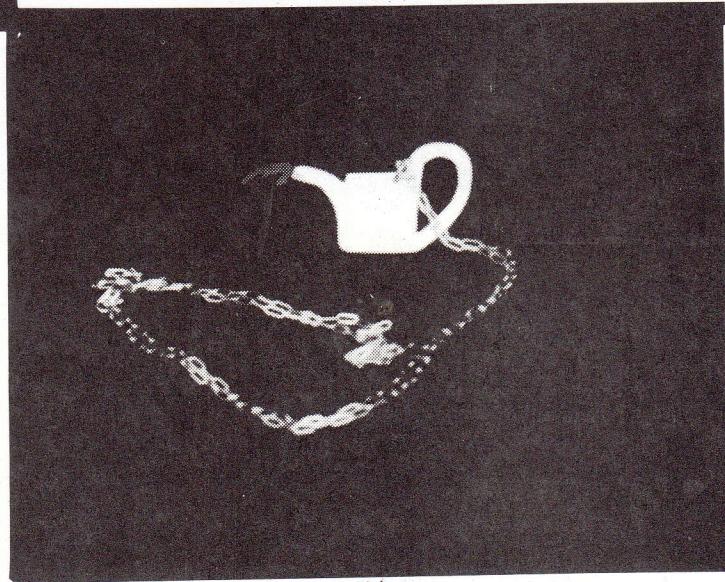
Sculpture by Theo Rosenbaum



Jewelry box by Diana Metrick
Ring by Sharon Gurman
Silver Necklace by Jesse Karlsberg

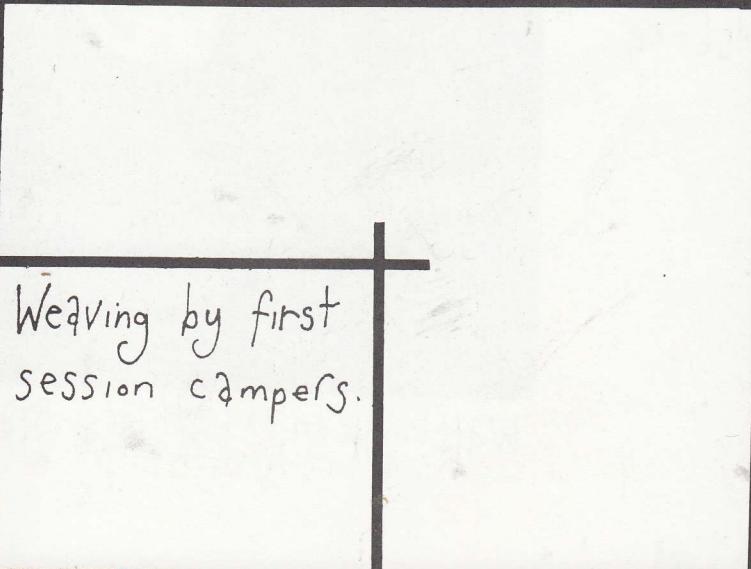
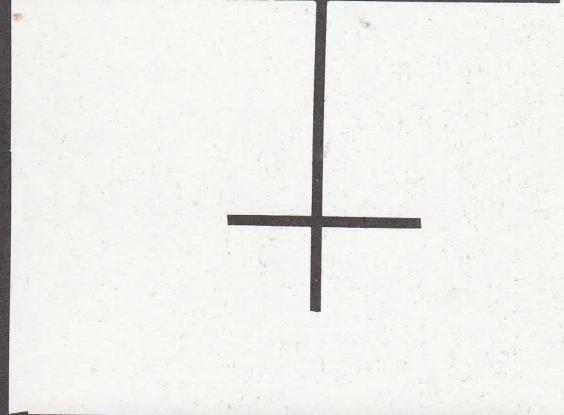
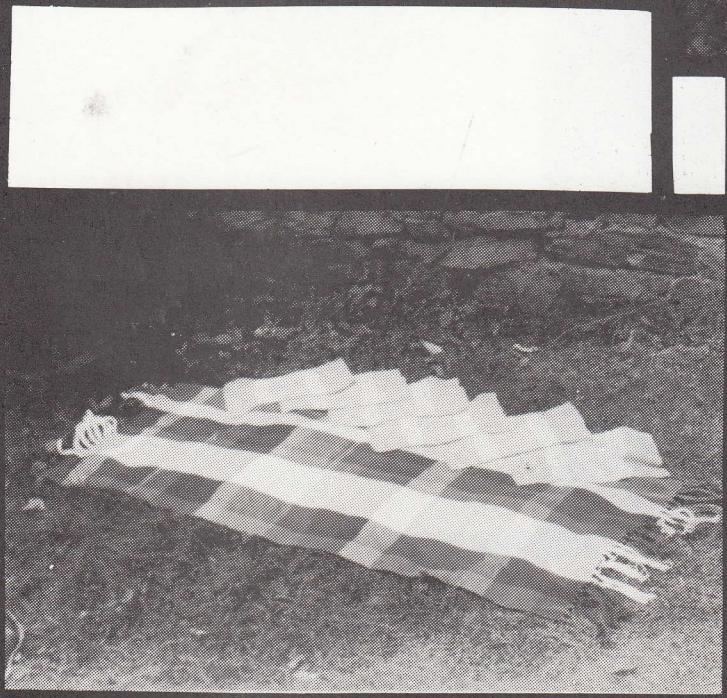
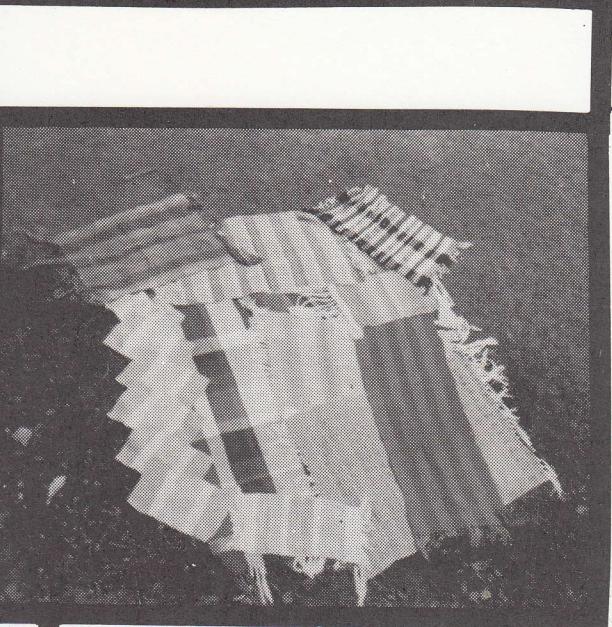
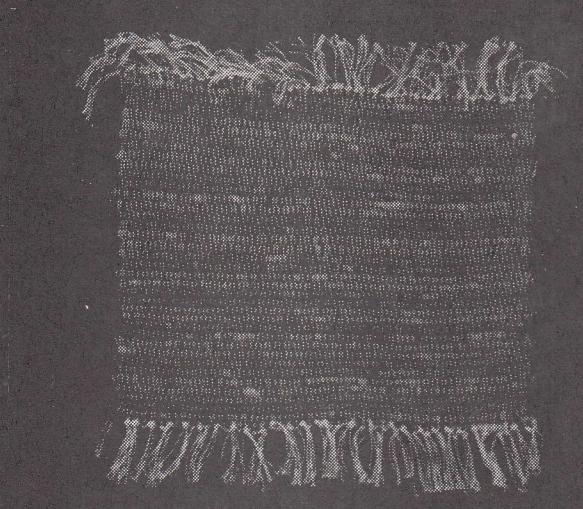


Star by Amanda Freedman.



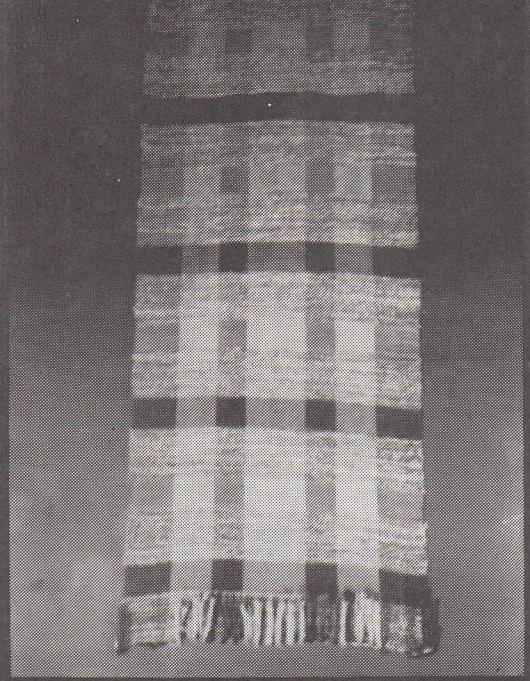
Watering can by Hilary Blair

Metal.

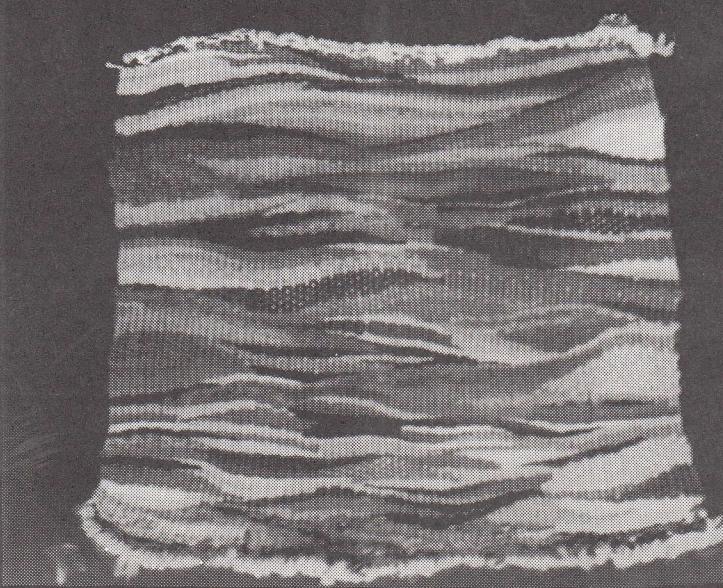




Weaving by Emily Brochin



Weaving by Alison Grover.



Weaving by Rachel Spiller

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FAX 42 81 96 33

Leah Weil.

my board

Jake Adams & Myq Kaplan



I LUV U!

Carol Faden.

REMOTELY DISTRAUGHT KA'EDO

SCOPES SUBDULING SWEET

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Eyeball Inc



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**National Rump
Feeding Federation**

Cameron Stern.

COMET CLOVER INFUSION

PYLONIC OVERLOAD?

COVER BEAR' COVERGIRL'

Rudolf Schmidt

DISOWN THE RUSTIC

KNICK-KNACK WHEN IMPENDING

DEPOTS ASPHYXIATE !

Nick Himmel

Jonathan Feinstein

A RANDOM PRINT SHOP FAMILY POEM

As geranuims valiantly
fumble MY TEEMING RIBS UNCOIL MARKING
ME WITH A NEWFANGLED EXTRAVAGANCE
to refresh the diffident ingrate.
Razors flogged the brick-like substance,
and submerged the rubbish in unbridled conical frenzy.

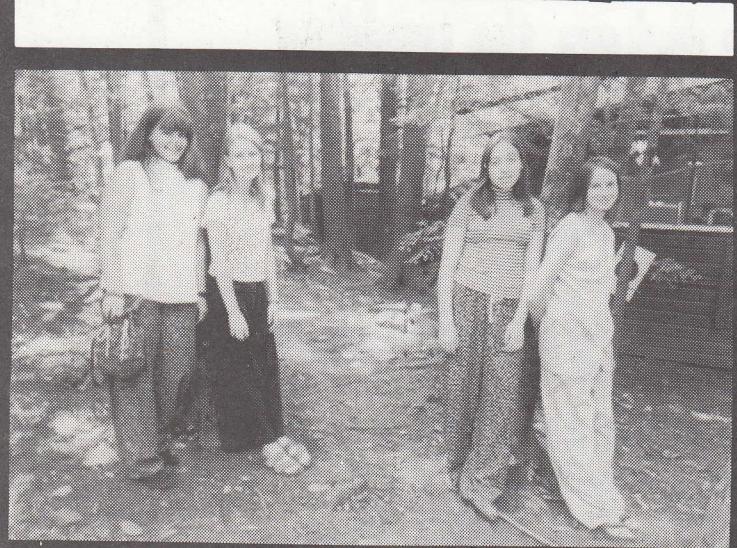
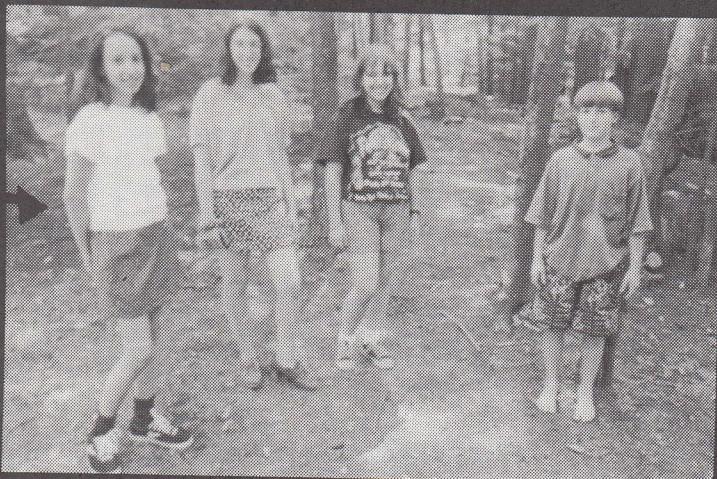
f REFURBISHING MARE EVOLVED
FARGLALLY SOOTHING THE
DECAMP D^E BUTANTE UNTIL
INDOLENT ACTIVITY PREVAILED

WHEN LOTION PENETRATES THE
spore-weaving florist
our salubrious nectar will be regaled.
As the silver diorama dickers, the tumbling
chauffeur inflates
whilst conducting
SUMERIAND ANCES IN XANTHIAN FIELDS - IT ALL
MAKES SENSE REALLY...



Garments by (Left to Right)
Rachel Pecker, Doria Santlofer,
Carly Lindauer, Rain Katz,
Meredith Bernard, Leah
Nelson and Leah
Fisher

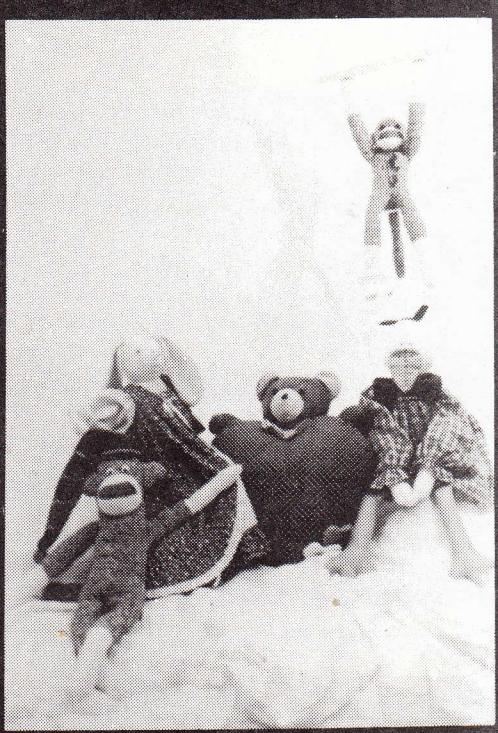
Garments by (Left to Right)
Sarah Tedeschi, Allison Schultz,
Lori Feldstein and Craig
Wasserstrom



Garments by
(Left to Right) Kimberly
Boordman, Gretchen Vort
Jessica Grosse & Anna Wasserstrom



Teddy by Valerie Whitby. Bag by Carolyn O'Connor. Turtle by Bonnie Weiss. Pig by Alexis Rosenbach. Frogs by Jennie Rosen. Pillow by Renée Mazzarella.



Rabbit by Elisabeth Karchmer. Chicken by Blythe Sheldon. Monkeys by Naomi Schwarz. Bear by Emily Zucker.



Cushions and bags by Katie Fisher, Leah Weil, Alexis Rosenbach, Genia Oppenheim, Johanna Goldstein and Beth Kalisch.



Dress by Caron Kramer.



Dopey Pillow by Daniel Friedman. Backpack by Nina Krauss. Placemats and cushion by Sara Gould. Taz bag by Allison Nahmias.

Glass casting by: (left to right) Emily Weinstein, Jon Feinstein, Blue
↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ Whale?, Nora Guyer, Mike Radosh



Glassblowing by Valerie Whitby and Jocelyn Pekler ↓ ↓ ↓



Glassblowing by Maddy Polton, Jocelyn Pekler, Daniel Kaufman, Eric Hirsch
Valerie Whitby, Annie Cho and Sara Tedeschi ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓



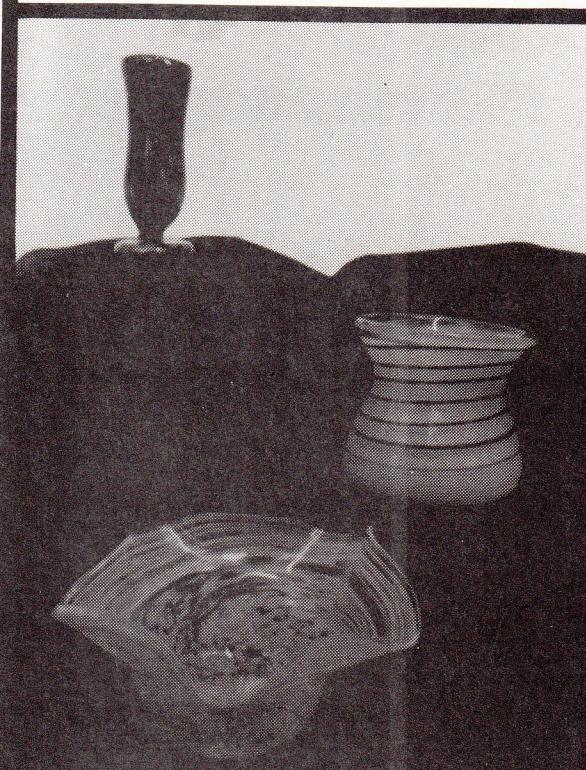
Glassblowing by Jocelyn Pekler, Lance Krieger, Sara Tedeschi
Valerie Whiting, Matthew Langille
Allison Glazer and Alison → 



Steingold

← Glassblowing by
← Annie Cho





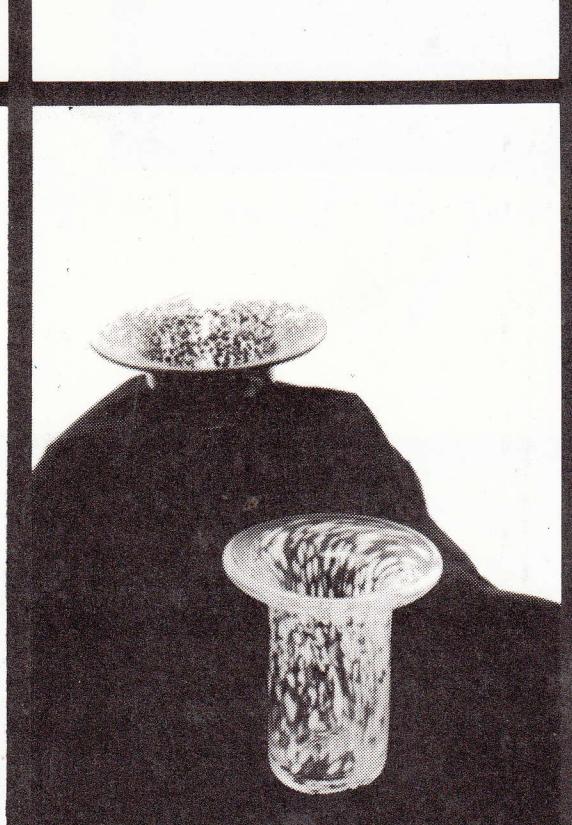
Wavy bowl by
Alex Bradspies



Vase by Richard Scott



Vase by Karlie Stanton



Bowl & Vase by.
Liz Potenza



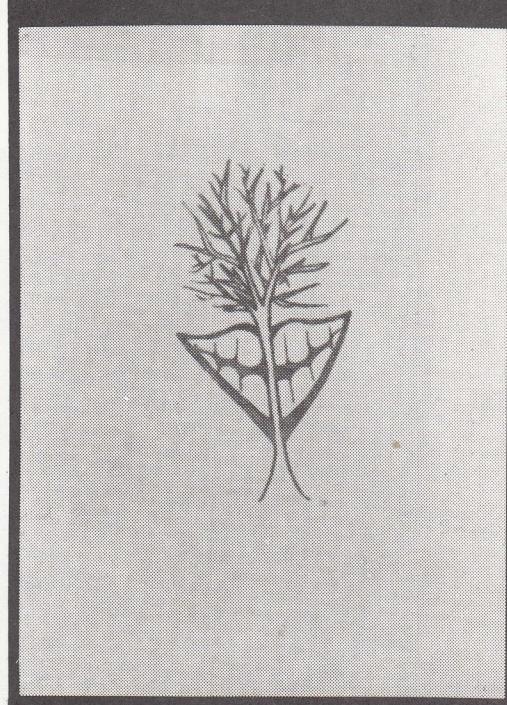
Print by Ilana Solomon



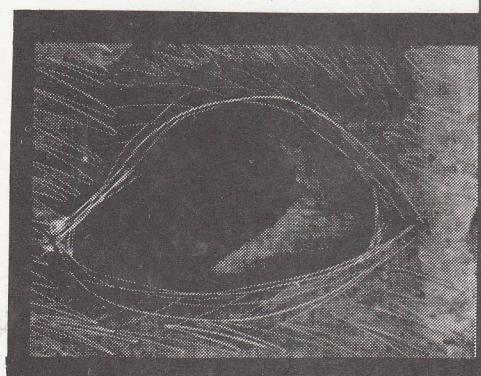
Print by Peter Licalsi



Screenprint by Arden Stern



Print by Annie Cho

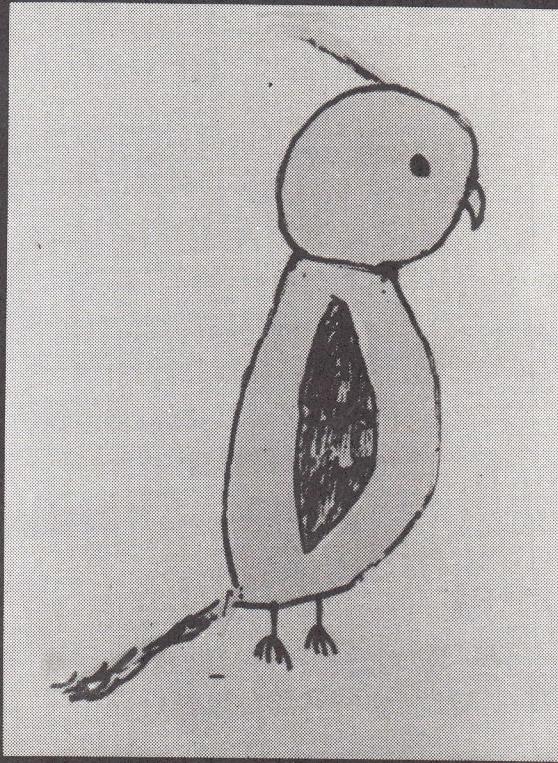


Print by Chrissy Rand

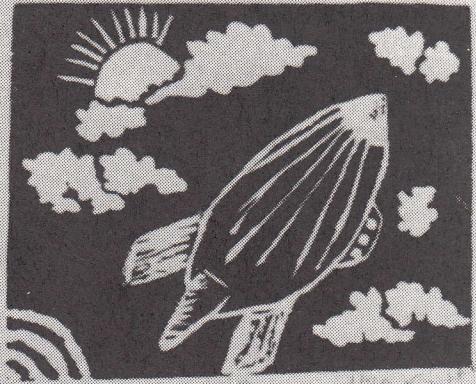


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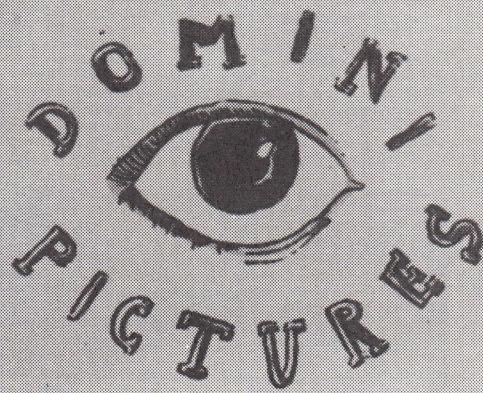
A. KIMMICH (Paul)



Print by Kip Faroo



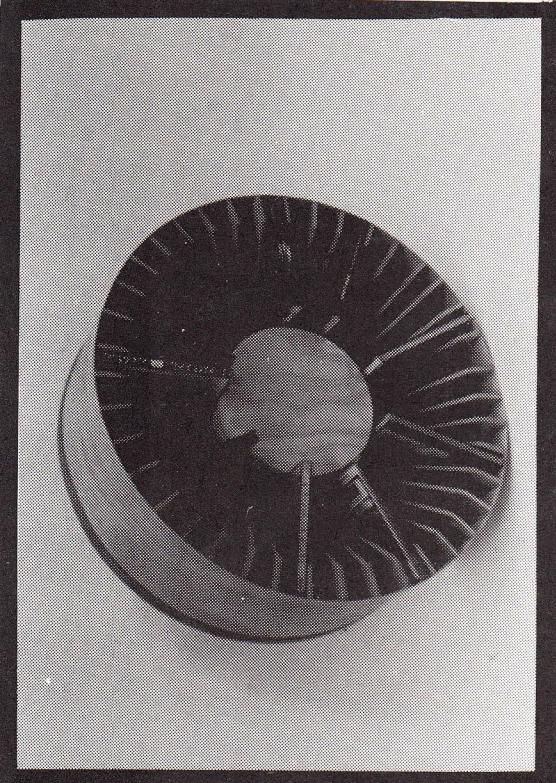
Print by Nora Griffin



Print by Teddy Stern

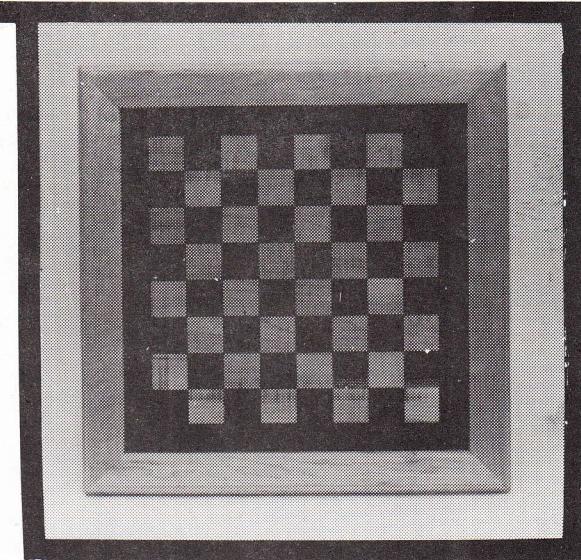


Print by Annie Cho

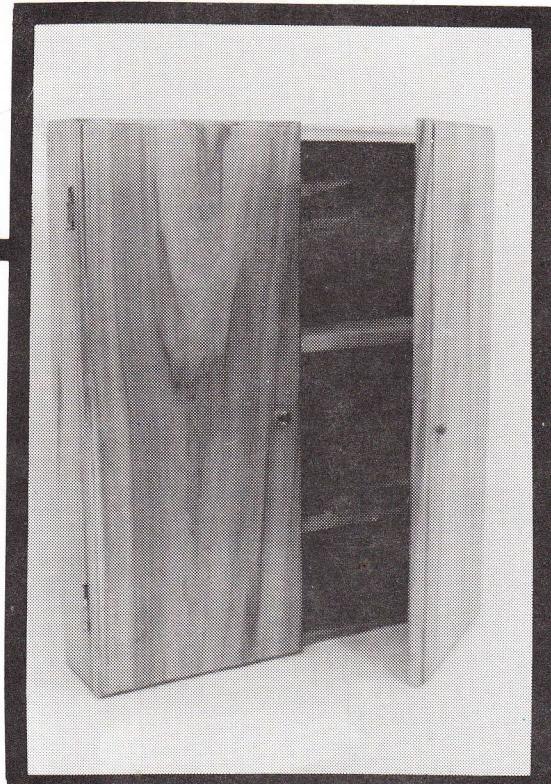


Wood by Terence KooYker

Wooden plate by Gwen Kelly
Wooden goblet by Andrew Casey
Wooden vase by Emily Brochin.



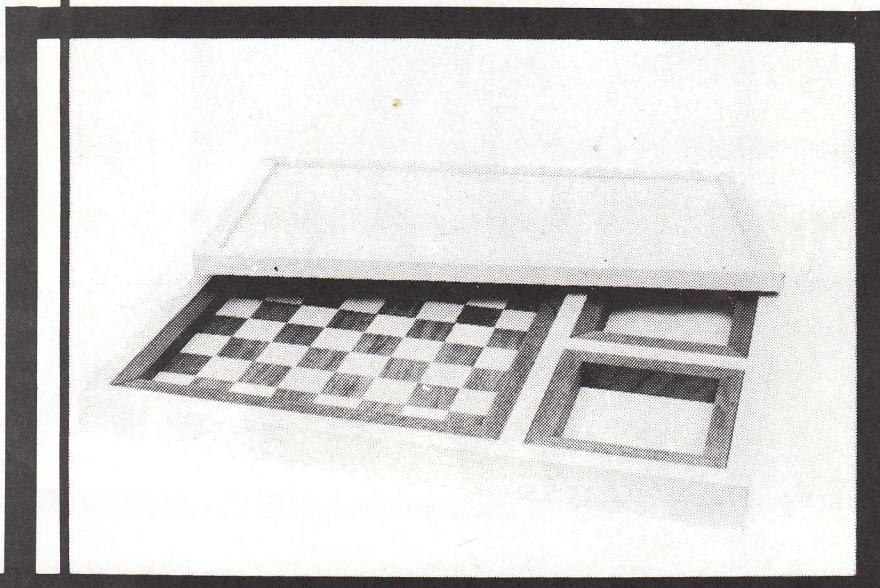
Wood by Whitten Algar



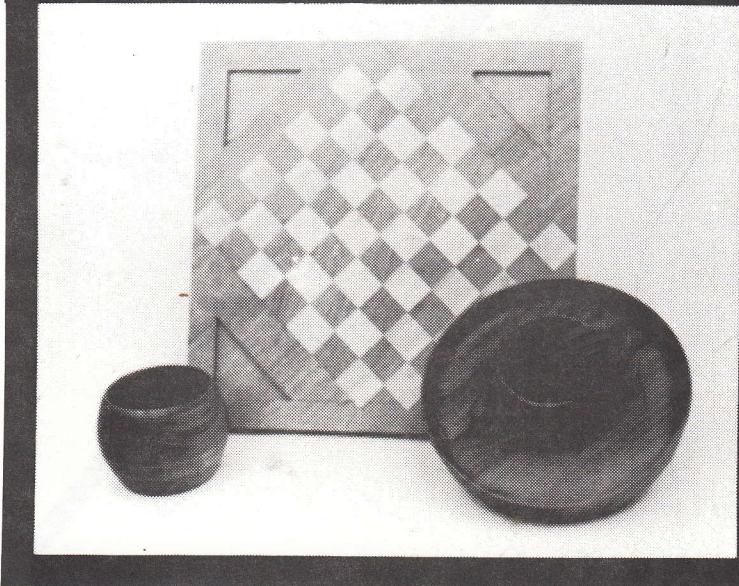
Wood by Josh Leitner



Woodwork by Dan Rubin



Chessboard by Erica Berman.
Bowl by Hillary Cohn
Smaller Chessboard by
David Azoulay





Ceramics by Sara Kroll-Rosenbaum



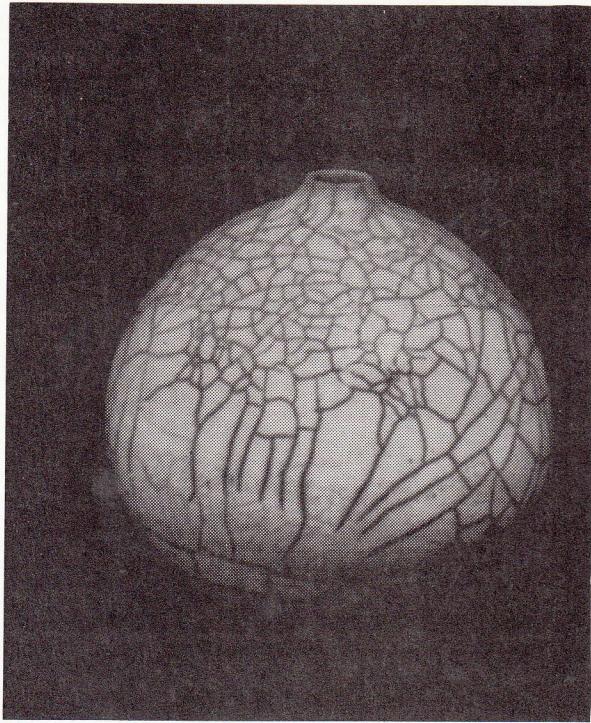
Ceramic bottle by Elisha Goodman
Axe by Jamie Kauget

Pitcher by Lance Krieger
Bowl by Tessa Roush.

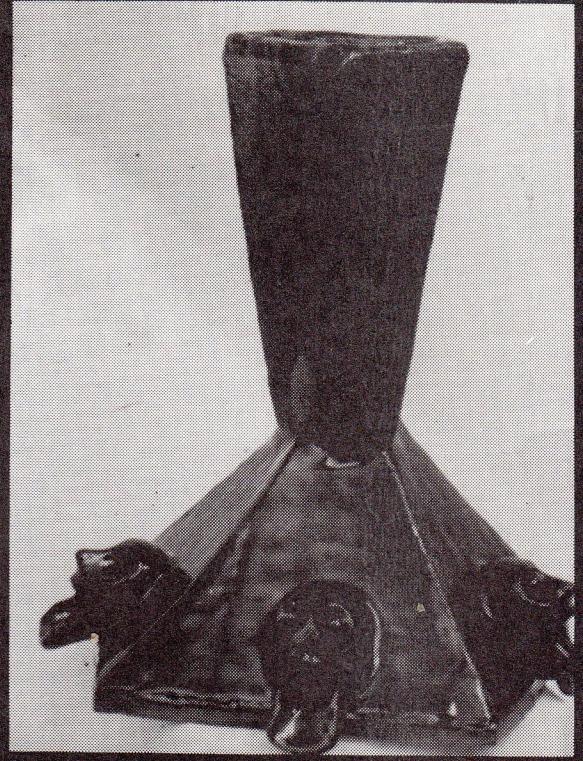


Teapot by
Laura Cantor,
White vase by
Jonathan Berger,
Plate by Laura Weiss,

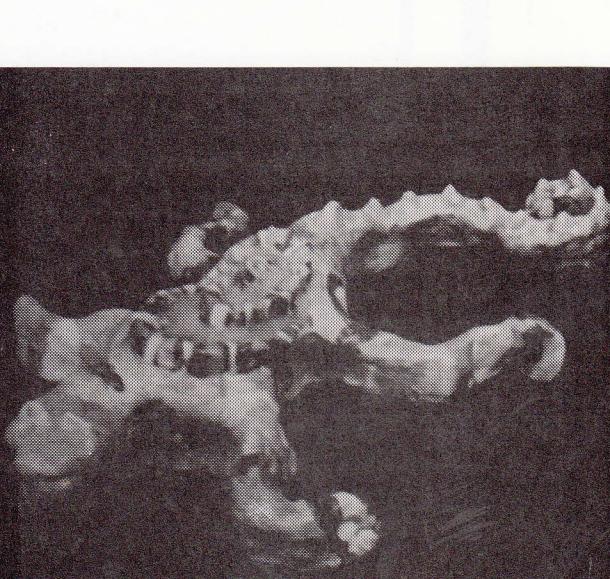
Cup and Saucer by Lisa Schulman, Mug by Adam Bille, Goblet by
Lara Belkin and White bowl by Tessa Roush



Ceramics by Jonathan Berger



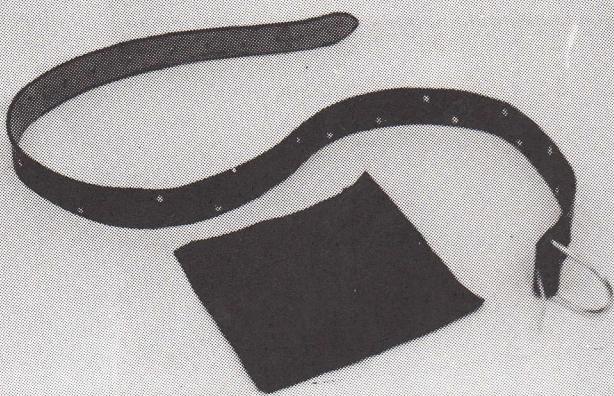
Ceramics by Arden Stern.



Ceramics by Rain Katz



Ceramics by Tessa Roush.



Leather belt by Liz Erlich
Leather wallet by Nick Weist



Leatherwork by Emily Handlin.



Backpack by Amanda Young
Spotted purse by Liz Erlich.
Dark purse by Mariell Wertheim



Patchwork, box, wallets & guitar strap.
all by Abigail Levin



Patchwork by Brian Landman
Wallet by Dan Cohen
Bookmark by Hillary Cohn

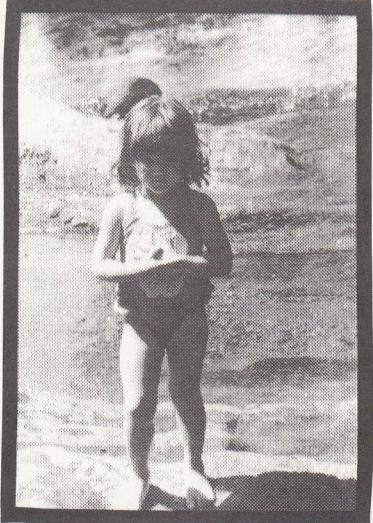


photo by Daniel Golden



photo by Jake Lilein.

Photos



photo by Eric Hirsch.

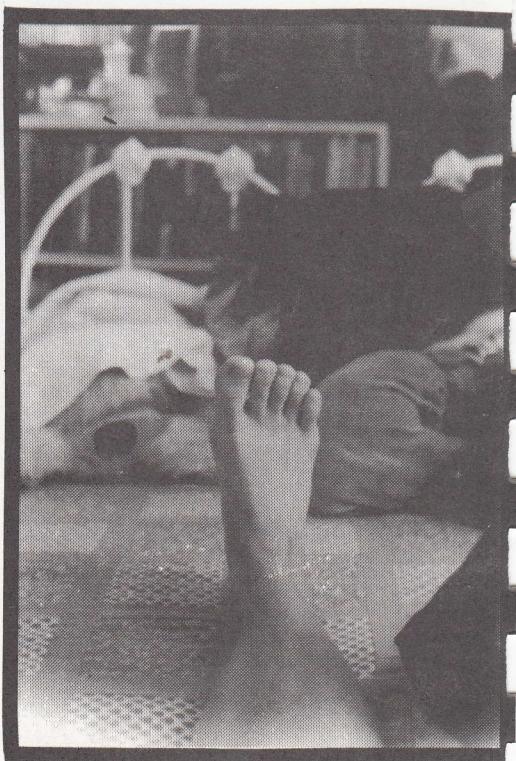


photo by Vanessa Hen.



Performing Arts

Drawing by Jake Bauman

"We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams."

-Arthur O'Shaughnessy

"The tall girl watches all this with the expression of a woman who lives upstairs from Cinderella and wears the same shoe size."

-Pat Cadigan

"He did not see any reason why the Devil should have all the good tunes."

-Rowland Hill

Disco Dance

by Vanessa Henke



Judy Lasko, Zina Arten, Katherine Tyler and the jc, Rachel Berks comprise the dance staff at Buck's Rock. But it takes more than a staff to make a shop a real part of the camp. This year, the dancers' commitment, zeal and general passion for dance were what made the dance studio the sacred place it is.

Nevertheless, after an entire summer of dancing, many dancers were left with unfulfilled goals.

A survey, designed by the most qualified statisticians and presented to dozens of the dancers at Buck's Rock, revealed the following about the shortfalls of the dance department:

TOP TEN DANCE FORMS THAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT AT BUCK'S ROCK:

10. Lambada
9. Flamenco
8. Hip Hop
7. Moshing
6. The Chicken Dance
5. Electric Slide
4. Ballroom
3. The Hokey Pokey
2. Rave
1. Country Line Dancing

TOP TEN SONGS THE STAFF SHOULD HAVE CHOREOGRAPHED TO:

10. "Ice, Ice Baby" -- Vanilla Ice
9. "Closer" -- Nine Inch Nails
8. "Walk Like an Egyptian" -- The Bangles
7. "The Right Stuff" -- New Kids on the Block
6. "I Think We're Alone Now" -- Tiffany
5. "YMCA" -- The Village People
4. "Alive" -- Pearl Jam
3. "Vogue" -- Madonna
2. "I Will Survive" -- Gloria Gaynor
1. "The Sign" -- Ace of Base



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Theatre

by Rosie Benton

Every morning, we, the theater (oops, I'm sorry, that's theatre) staff and other groups of wonderful campers enjoy an hour and a half of TA. You may ask, "Guys, what is TA?." TA can represent many a thing, but what TA really boils down to is a great big theatre smorgasbord of fun. TA, or theatre arts, is a beauteous collection of classes that cover such things as clowning, make-up, LSD, Shakespeare, and other great topics. If we, the members of the theatre staff, could maybe pick some of the classes we would like to have, they would be:

MONDAY- The art of sleeping in after a tech (This stuff is hard.)

TUESDAY- Learning to smoke on stage (mostly for the directors)

WEDNESDAY- The delicate process of making coffee for the directors

THURSDAY- Some more tips in the art of sleeping late

FRIDAY- Psychotic movements in blue unitards

SATURDAY- Sleeping improv (not too difficult)

SUNDAY- How to design costumes with a hangover



The Theatre Staff is as follows:

JCs

Sarah "Chester" Hirshan

Amy "Lilac Spring" Herzog

Abby "Biff" Rasminsky

Siobhan "Where's Rafi" Lockhart

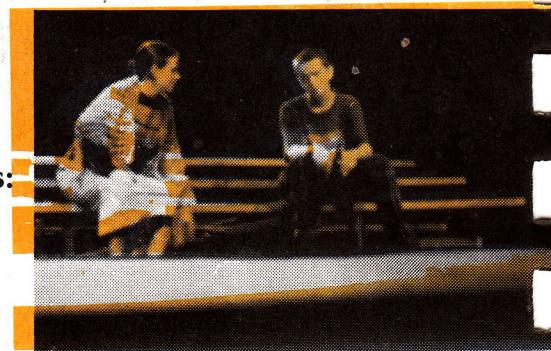


Photo by Adriane Sandler

CITs (only a few of us)

Sarah "Stardust" Levithan

Aman "DA" Lipitz

Sarah "Rhymes with" Tucker

Rosie "HI HOWYA DOIN'" Benton

"Fat Mantaci"

Gena "Por Favor" Oppenheim

Jaki "China Man" Silver

Emily "Insane woman" Mendelsohn

Jen "No, I'm not the mom this time" Holmes

Isaac "Need a shave" Butler

Eve "Panties" Kagan

Rafi "Do we have rehearsal?" Kasen

Dave "Asexual" Hanlon

Wiley "No angel" Bowen

And the one director extraordinaire: SteRosErnElle

This Year's Productions:

Age to Age, Rimmers of Eldridge, Romeo and Juliet,

Anything Goes, Shoah Project, Lindale Warriors,

House of Blue Leaves, This is a Play, Woyczek,

12th Night, The Women, Some of The Timing, Cabaret

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Costume Shop

by Abe Goldfarb

"Erg, erg..."

- Jennifer Saunders, *Absolutely Fabulous*

"O.J. was seen whistling in court the other day."

"He was probably practicing for the musical version."

- *Drop the Dead Donkey*

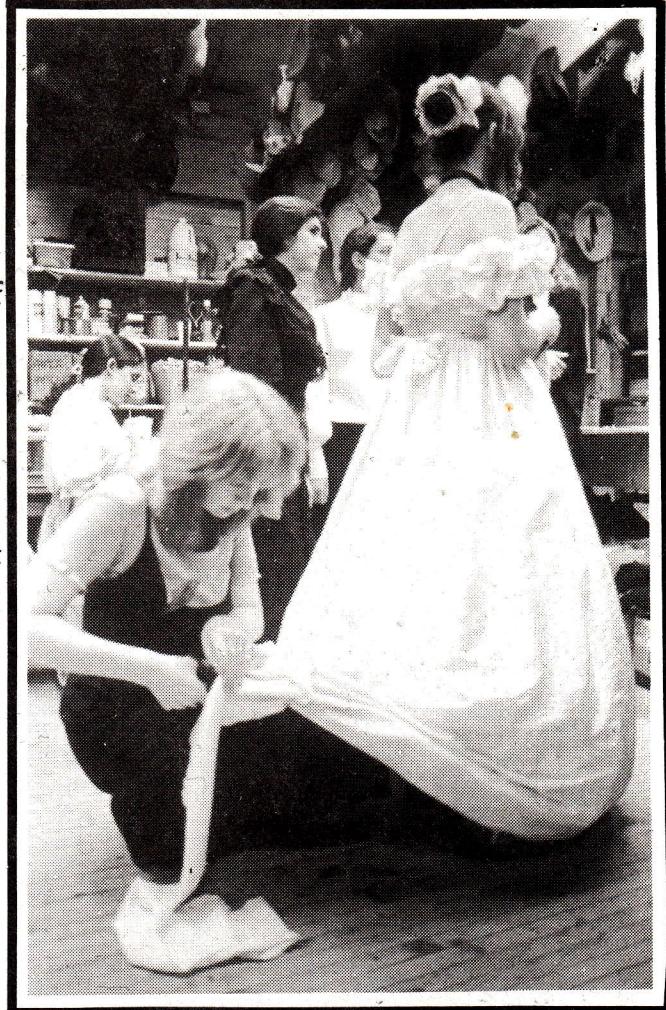
When I at first approached this shop, I had reservations. After viewing several illicit activities that occurred within, I thought, "Oh, boy." On the roadmap of the United States of Activities, I've made a stop in the state of Ill, the town of Ic and a small bed and breakfast known as It. This was, as I'm sure you can imagine, a bit disconcerting. But when I got past the initial shock after a short visit to the infirmary ("Get me the morphine." "You *aint* need the morphine." "GET ME THE MORPHINE!") everything just went on swimmingly. It was uncanny, the way these people worked. Their tireless measuring, sewing, listening, and just plain DOING was a great surprise to me. What a work ethic! I was amazed out of my fragile skull by their work ethic. After all, I've hung around with theater people for a good deal of my time.

There are no words for the extent to which they have fashioned their shop into a runway that does Lagerfeld proud ("Armani, Lagerfeld, Versace, darling; names, names, names!"). It all just sort of is, isn't it? I could go on in great depth about the fact that without them our shows would just be dreck, ooze-drippingly, horribly, Gingrichilly bad. I could go on and on about the fact that without them there would be no insanely good music being played 24 hours a day (with the exception of my boudoir, but that is a description, not an invitation, you lecherous little yearbook reader). I could wax pathetic about their virtues as people: the fact that they maintain mental stability when you guys come by demanding to look good in a show, refusing every damn thing they offer; the fact that they make polite conversation with you unworthy, impolite scumbags. I could verbally ejaculate enormous quantities about so many things, at such great length that it ceases to be funny and starts to be enticing. So, what are you waiting for? Go down there and look about for a while. Just check your bad taste and attitude at the door. The place is a bit like a supermarket in hell. Shop for some really funky, flaming stuff. But, if you go in there with a bad attitude, you'll be instantly scorched. Other than that, it's pretty neat.

"Dave, are you ever going to grow up?"

"Pass."

- *Drop the Dead Donkey*



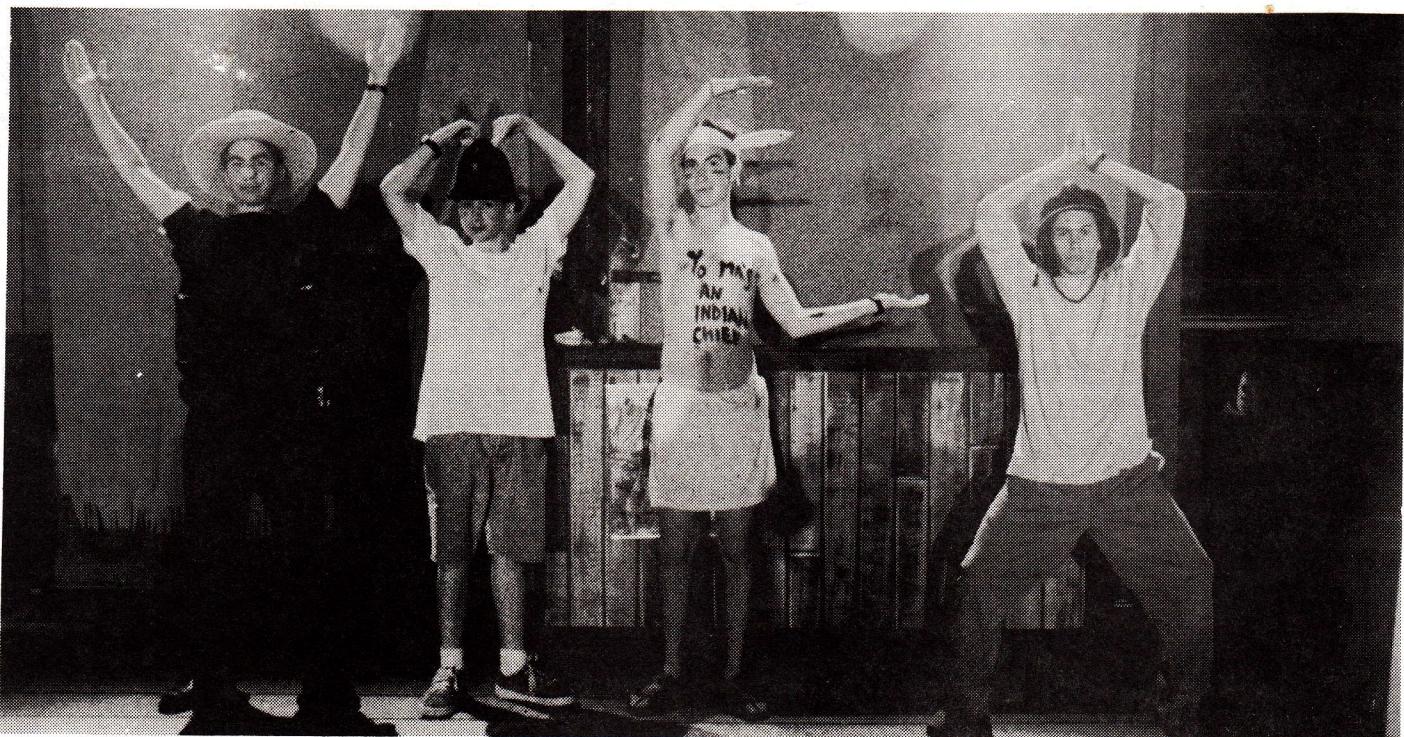
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It's Delightful, It's Delicious, It's DeClown Shop!

by Rebecca Drysdale (Clown)

What can I say about the clown shop? I could, in theory, say a number of things theoretically. Certain things keep coming to mind and slipping away as fast as they come. These aren't new things or old things, just things, things that make the shop what it is. Sometimes it's hard to say exactly what the shop is all about. In fact, sometimes it is so hard that it becomes very difficult. Simple words can't describe it and long words are just superfluous. I guess you call it clownesque in its manner,

being that it is a clown shop but no, that would be an oversimplification, and would make it far too simple. It is more than clownesque but less than something more. It is inbetween, and in transition at the same time.



Those who look at it, use words like "funny" and "clown", but those are just words. What are words but groups of letters put together to form understandable messages. No, there are no words.

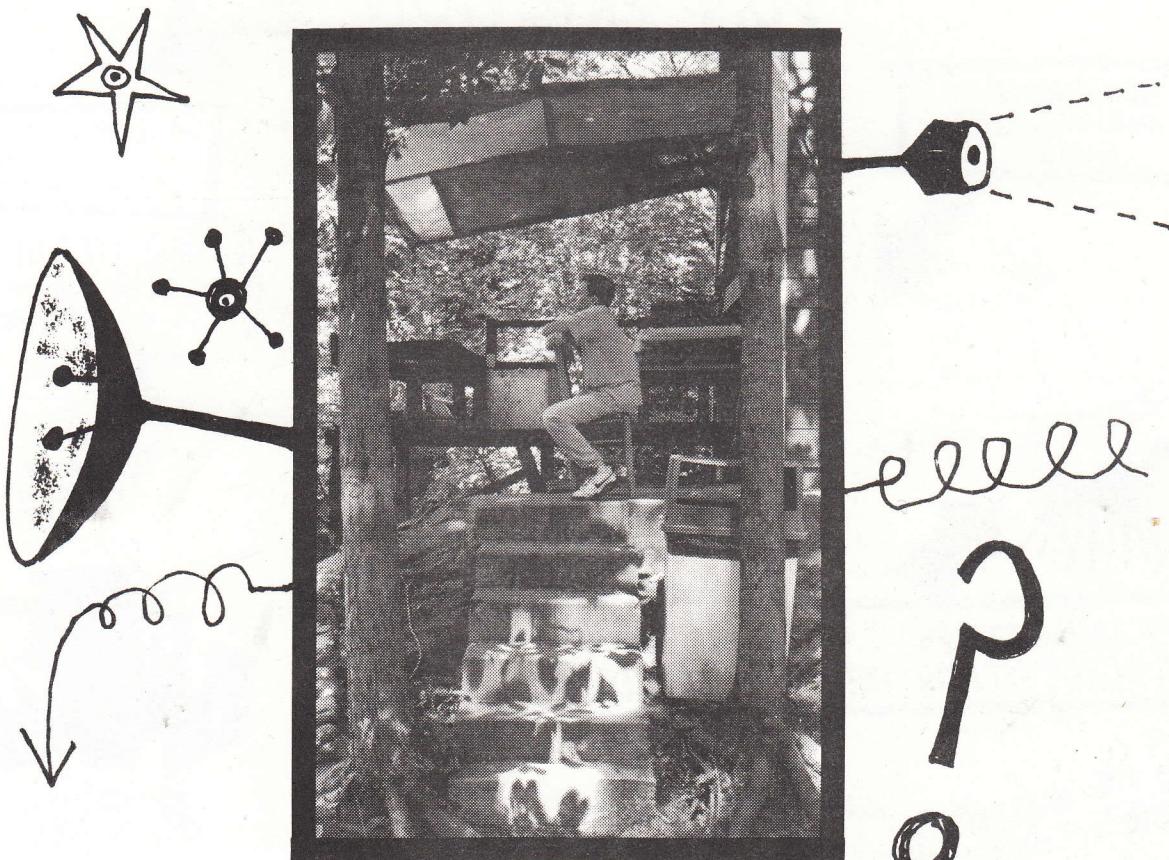
Well, there are actually many words but none are the right words. They all come close, with maybe the exception of "entrepreneur" and "panties", those don't come close at all. To be quite honest I don't know how to describe it. If you asked me to describe it, I would probably shrug and say "I don't know." The definition of the word "clown" escapes me, it is far from my mind

and yet strangely remote at the same time. I guess I should not be asked, since I am not the person you would want to ask.

I don't want to repeat myself or be redundant, so to say goodbye, I bid you a fond goodbye.
Goodbye.

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LSD: Infinite Confusion



L i g h t i n g

This article is late, really late, and this is why:

"Okay, guys, focus call after Put to Bed." "Rain! The Summer Theater!"
Gimpy the Wonder Slug: smart, funny, not very useful..... Let's move ALL of our
equipment, every time we have a show.....Ravin' on the A-frame 'til dawn.....
Non-rented units.....Rented units..... Will we make last call?..... Bill Jakab
discovers gravity at the Actor's Studio..... TFS and TMI!..... Some dance
companies get 3,000 dimmers: we'll do it with six!..... "Mommy, what's a 1-K modular
bi-post lamp?"..... "Does 'anal retentive' have a hyphen in it?".....
Remember, guys, it's only Buck's Rock.....

So you can all certainly understand, under the extenuating circumstances, that we were just having too much fun to leave our shop! Here's a list of our motley crew, which has yet to appear in any show program:

Let there be Light!
Jerry Carter, Head of Shop
Nicole D'Amico
Greg Dratva
Bill Jakab
Tony Scortino

Let there be Sound!
Craig Raisner
Bill Hahn
Adam Berson, CIT
Matt Dilmaghani, CIT



PULP FRICTION

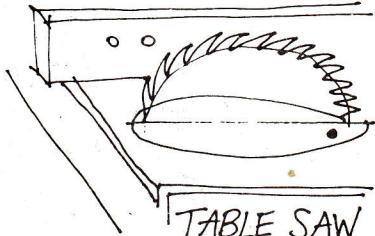
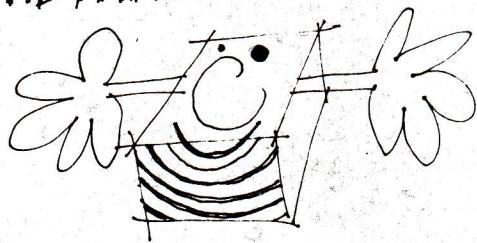
SET DESIGN 1995

THE PATH OF THE 2"X4" ...

WITH GREAT VENGEANCE
AND FURIOUS SCREW
GUNS

IS BEVELED ON
ALL SIDES

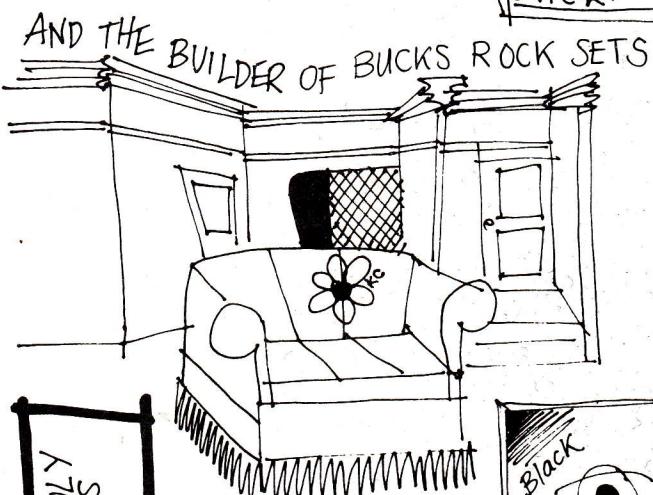
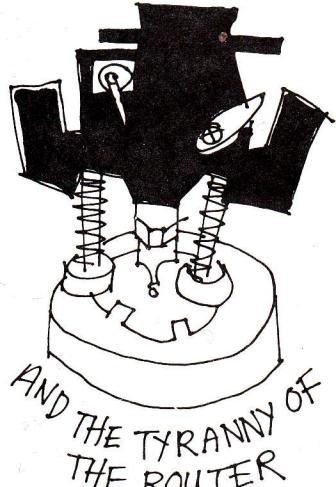
BY THE INEQUITIES OF THE



THOSE WHO TRY TO PAINT AND PLANE
MY BROTHER

AND I WILL STRIKE
DOWN THIS SET WITH THEE

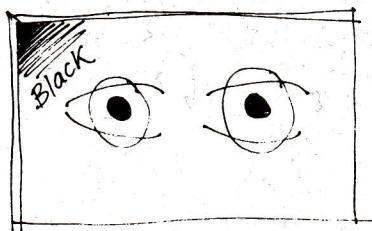
AND YOU WILL KNOW
OUR NAME IS
SET DESIGN
J.A.C.K.



WHEN WE LAY
OUR LUAUN
APON THEE.

BOW

FOR THE IS TRULY
MY BROTHER
MY CARPENTER



SHEPHERDS THE LUAUN
THROUGH THE WORKSHOP
OF DARKNESS

BLESSED IS HE WHO
IN THE NAME OF
CHARITY + GOODWILL

Camp Fiction

by Jon Brooks

INT. '74 CHEVY (MOVING)--MORNING

An old Chevy Nova barrels down a homeless-ridden street in New Milford. JULES is at the wheel. VINCENT VEGA is next to him, eating a Royale with Cheese.

JULES
So, how many up there?

VINCENT
Three, I think. Plus a CIT. That's Jon Brooks. You remember him: half-black, half-Samoan, they useta call him Jon Rocky Horror?

VINCENT
Yeah, maybe. Fat, right?

JULES
I wouldn't call the brother fat. He's got a weight problem. What's the guy gonna do?

VINCENT
So what do they do there all day, like... watch movies and crap?

JULES
Not at all. They're like, the unsung heroes of the camp, you know?

VINCENT
Whaddya mean?

JULES
They like, haveta videotape all the shows and activities at Buck's Rock, either by themselves or with Josh Leitner's help.

VINCENT
The lawn-guyland dude?

JULES
Yeah, you know him. Anyway, the videos are actually getting better since they got this digital mixer thing.

VINCENT
Does the Samoan use that?

JULES
He's learning.

VINCENT
And whadda they make, some kinda America's Funniest Home Videos kinda crap?

JULES
Naw. Better. They do like, for example, you know that song "December" by Collective Soul?

VINCENT
(singing)
"Don't scream about, don't think aloud, turn your head now baby, just spin me out..."

JULES
That's spit me out. Yeah, that one. They did a... like an MTV thing to that, with kids as runaways. Dan Bobkoff did it.

VINCENT
Guy with a cast?

JULES
Yeah. They also did one to "Wild Night," about a nerdy dude who gets cool, with Eric Wellman-

VINCENT
The pimp?

JULES
Different guy. This Eric did a whole buncha projects. Some kids even did a fake video game.

VINCENT
No kidding.

JULES
They also had this valley girl thing going on for a few projects.

VINCENT
I heard the ringleader is the one with the funky hat.

JULES
Yeah, that's Dave Grotell. Also wears shades. The other two are Brits: Paul- he's the ladies man, and Steve- he's the witty one.

VINCENT
Got it. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO SHOP-- DAY

Jules and Vincent kick down the sliding door with a picture of "Super Dave" drawn on it in chalk. They take out their .45 automatics.

JULES
"The path of those who enter the video shop is beset on all sides by the inadequacies of the equipment, the tyranny of the lazy counselors, and the difficulty of actually finishing a project. " Ezekiel 25:17.

VINCENT
Guess they won't be finishing the Memories video now, will they Jules?

The two men empty their .45 automatics simultaneously, wiping out everyone in sight. Jon Brooks sticks his head out of a corner.

JON
Goddamn...goddamn...that was cold-blooded...

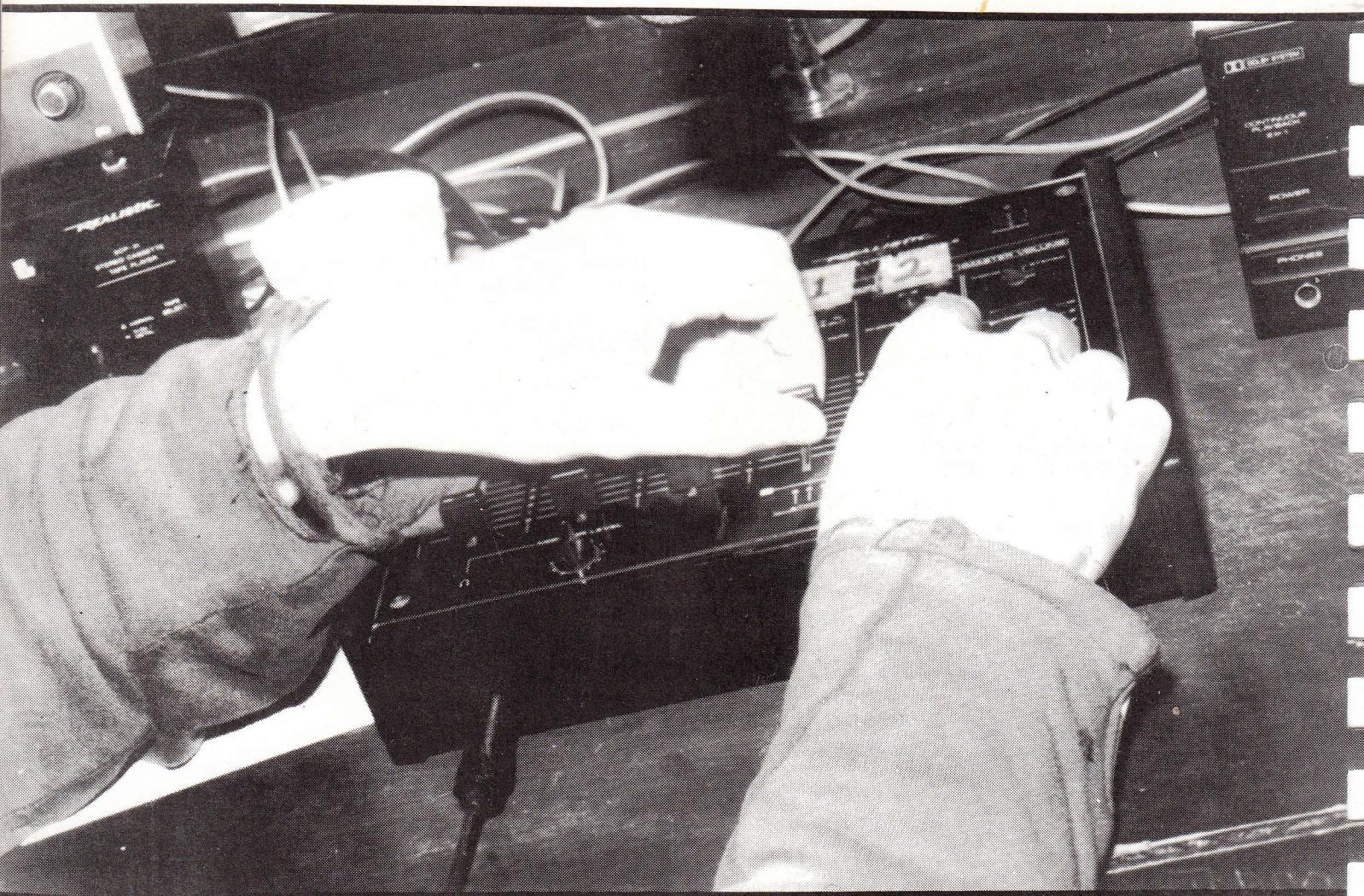
They shoot him.

END



WBBC

by Ellen Latzen



Come take a journey with me into the woods, past Buck's Rock Road, past Silkscreen, past the counselor bunks, to a little red building called WBBC. Unlike any other shops, WBBC is a shop that the whole camp experiences. On a regular day, you can hear funk, heavy-metal, jazz, rock, Euro-trash, reggae, rap, and any other kinds of music you can think of. Patrick and Roger are the lazy yet helpful counselors that are there if you blow a fuse, or the control room catches fire, or if something else goes wrong on a regular visit. So, stop by, and you can have a show, sleep on the couch, or even play "Butt-Head" with Pat in your free time.

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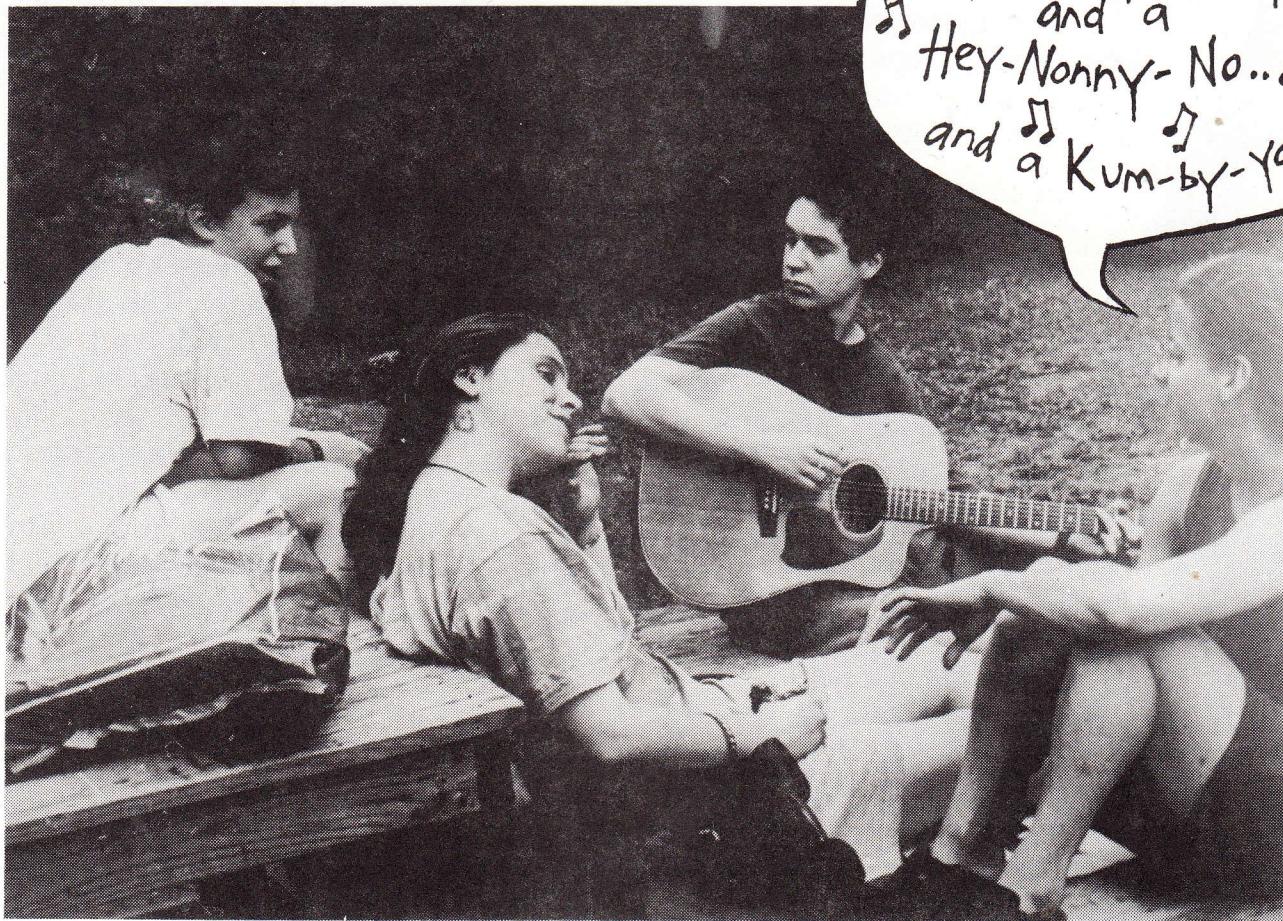
photo by Brett Kizner

Folk Music

Liberation Front

by Beth Kalisch

Where have all the singers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the guitars gone, long time ago?
Where have all the singers gone?
FMLF, everyone,
When will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?



Anyone passing the lawn between 4:30 and 5:30 on Fridays, Sundays, and Tuesdays, is sure to hear and be lured in by the beautiful music of FMLF. Basically we sing folk music with guitars. And we define folk music as music folks like, which means we've played everything from "Teach Your Children" to "Daughter" by Pearl Jam. We harmonized Ferron's "Testimony," tried to remember the guitar chords to "San Francisco Bay Blues," and wrote new lyrics, having absolutely nothing to do with Dan Seiden, to "Stay" by Lisa Loeb. We spent half of our time reminiscing about Ivan who FMLFed with us last year. Erika Blumberg was our honorary leader since, of course, a liberal group such as ourselves would have no real leader. Allegra Bartko harmonized in every octave audible to the human ear.

Most probably none of us will ever learn. We'll be having too much fun for that.

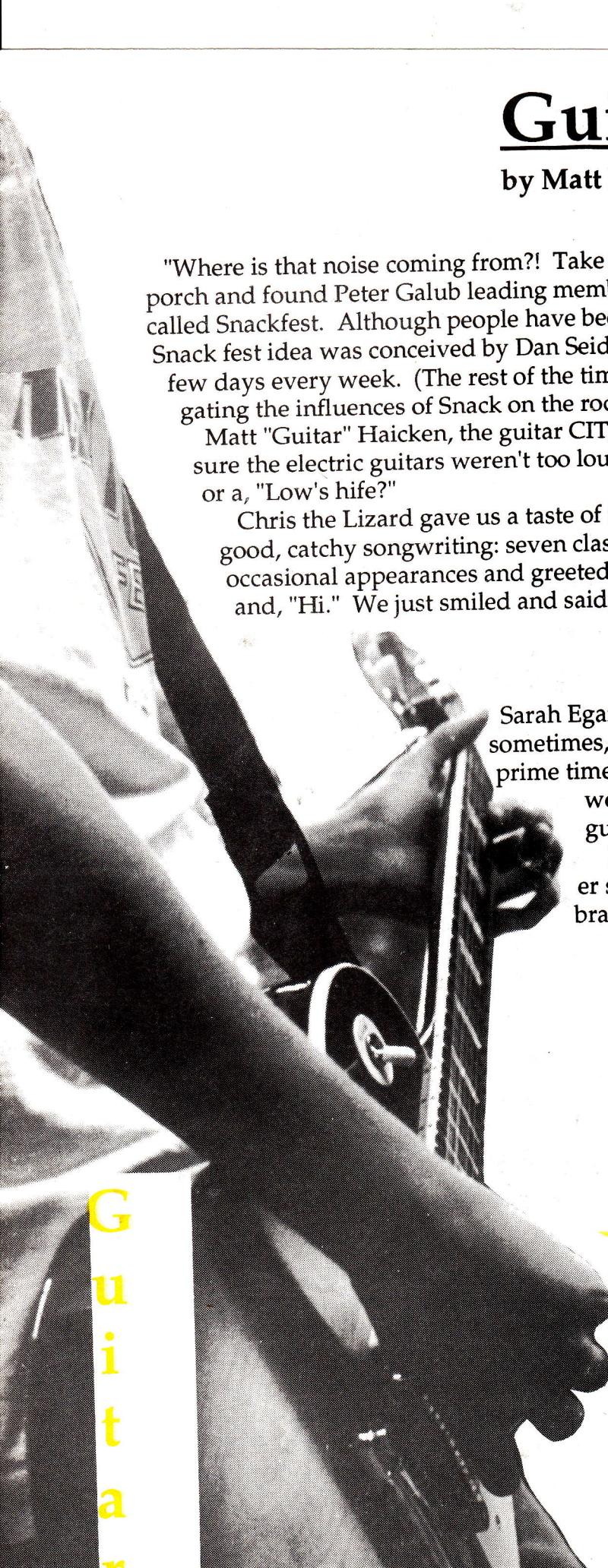
Guitar

by Matt Haicken

"Where is that noise coming from?! Take me to your leader!" The newcomer walked to the porch and found Peter Galub leading members of the guitar department in a bizarre ritual called Snackfest. Although people have been snacking for thousands of years, the actual Snack fest idea was conceived by Dan Seiden in 1991. This year, Dan was only at camp for a few days every week. (The rest of the time, Dan was on a secret sission for the CIA investigating the influences of Snack on the rock 'n roll world.)

Matt "Guitar" Haicken, the guitar CIT, was also there helping to keep order and make sure the electric guitars weren't too loud. He usually opened Snack with a, "Gow's it hoin'" or a, "Low's hife?"

Chris the Lizard gave us a taste of the true punk rock ethic, breaking the record for good, catchy songwriting: seven classics penned in under a minute. John Metric made occasional appearances and greeted the group with such sayings as, "Yow are Hou?" and, "Hi." We just smiled and said, "Teach me to fight, Masterpicker!"



Sarah Egan, the super crunchy voice counselor, dropped in sometimes, and always left with a friendly, "Cake tare." Other prime time players in the hierarchy of the guitar department were Joanna Junior, Fast Andy Casey, and of course, the guitar JC, Colin.

Pete, being such a fart smeller, thought up many clever sayings for Snack. The rockers were all fond of his brange strand of harcastic sumour. He is fost mamous for his opinion of the unreliable copy machine, "The copy machine won't jam, but we will!"

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Changes and Groans

by Mryza Escolar and Myq Kaplan

Growth and change. Change and growth. In the Mushed. Dynamics. "Crescendos," Marisa says. One, two, three, four. Four, three, two, one. H and T. It wasn't here before. We've grown in lots of ways. We groan at jokes told by Jay, the head of the shop. Groan, this is us groaning. Uhrnhrn. That was us groaning. Now we are no longer groaning. We have changed. This is us crushing your head. Crush, crush, crush. Your head is crushed. That is a significant change.

But we digress. Change--as people take our stands and chairs away, there are many changes. The number of chairs and stands change. Our moods change as we get frustrated trying to figure out where the chairs and stands have gone. Nobody home! Hee hee. Before, we were complaining about the theme of this article, change. Now we have changed, and it no longer bothers us. We have grown. Uhrnhrn. We're funnee. Hee hee.



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Orchestra used to have no sectionals. That has changed. Last year, chorus met way too often. Now it meets less way too often. Jazz combos have become publicized. What a change. Key changes. Jazz changes constantly. Fish and Mitch have both grown their hair longer than it was last year. It has grown and changed. When they don't comb it, we all groan. Uhhhrrnnn.

We've had lots of rain lately. Rain is good for nature. Nature grows because of the rain, and birds sing when it stops raining. The Madrigals, a singing group, changed its meeting times from Fridays and Sundays to Saturdays and Sundays. Now the people who already made plans for Saturdays, groan. Uhrnnrhn. A cappella has changed its meeting times too. During rehearsals we change the arrangements of Kirby Shaw, Bach, and those other guys.

Some people changed their days off from Wednesday to Tuesday, thus necessitating another change: staff meetings are now on Thursday when no one is on their day off. Some lazy staff members groan at this, because if it were not for these meetings, they would be able to sleep late on Thursday mornings. Uurhnnhghn.

Last year, there were no old bum-like guys wandering around the shed asking people for pocket change. Uh, this year, nothing like that has happened either. Hee hee. Uhrhngnghnhr. The only thing about the Mushed that hasn't changed is that we are still funny.



Rock Café

by Eric Hirsch

Rock Café

Proudly Presents:

BETTER THAN FETA

Photo by Eric Yudin



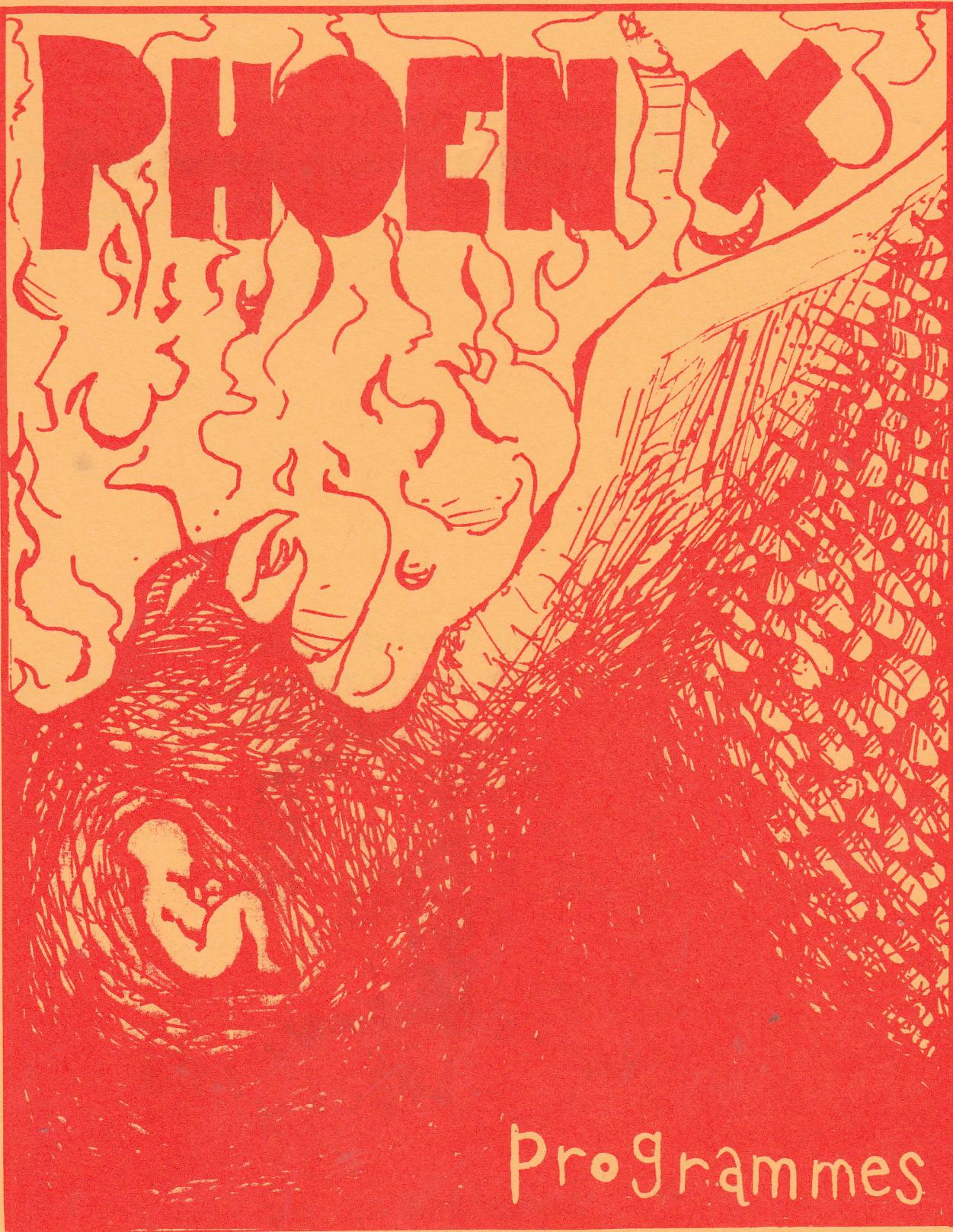
One Night Only - Just returned from a triumphant tour of New Milford

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This year's Rock Café was a nifty blend of punk, hardcore, and alternative music that was enjoyed by all. The Café was led by Guitar JC Colin Schliefer, who arranged the bands and organized the whole shebang. Music CITs Bryan Newman and Chris Conley assisted Colin in his arduous task. In the first half, only four bands proved ready to perform in time: Floyd, Gromidin, Nathan, and Coagency. In the second half, more enthusiasm came with the new campers, and a staggering ten bands were put together. Each band put in much time and effort, all of which paid off. The Café was successful and fun for all involved, and hopefully will return in years to come so that the rockers of the future can perform their music.

PHOENIX



Programmes

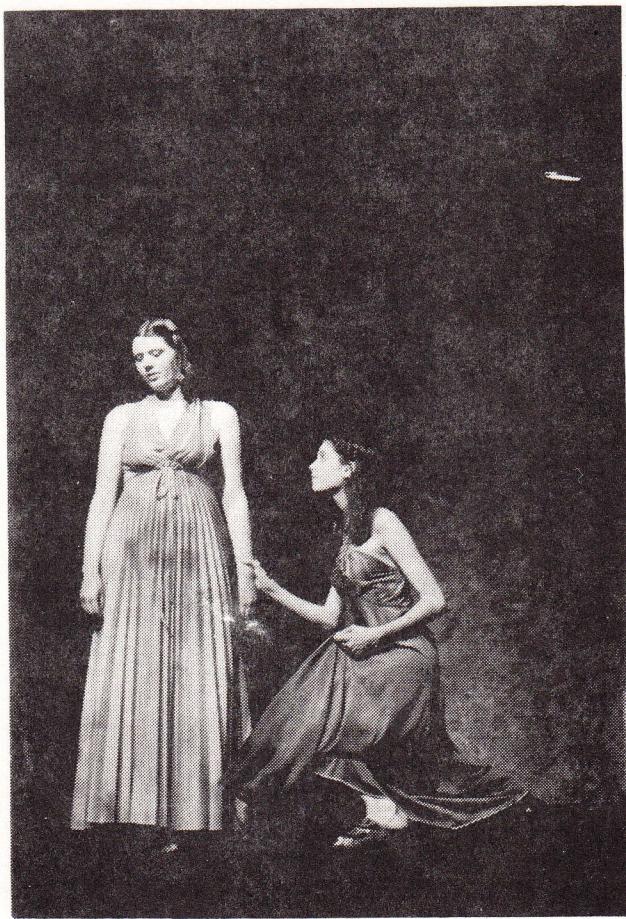
Drawing by Matt Dicke

"The universe does not have laws.
It has habits, and habits can be broken."
-Tom Robbins

"To everything there is a season
And a time to every purpose under Heaven."
-Ecclesiastes

"Remember our sun
is not the most noteworthy star
only the nearest."

-Audre Lorde



AGE
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AGE



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776



Sat 8 July

Director- Joelle Re Arp-Dunham

Assistant Directors- Sarah Levithan, Jaki Silver

Cast List

Antigone

By Jean Anouilh

Antigone- Gillian Foley

Ismene- Rachel Ellis

La Dispute

By Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux

Translated by Timberlake Wertenbaker

Adine- Katharine Bartow

Egle- Melissa Goldman

Spring Awakening

By Frank Wedekin

Translated by Tom Osborn

Martha- Allison Nahmias

Thea- Emily Price

Wendla- Amanda Hutchinson

Lydie Breeze

By John Guare

Lydie- Rebecca Brachman

Gussie- Marisa Escobar

Courtship

By Horton Foote

Laura- Jessica Grose

Elizabeth- Morgan Witkin

My Sister in This House

By Wendy Kesselman

Christine- Samantha Crane

Leah- Lauren Mirsky

Who Will Carry The Word?

By Charlotte Delbo

Translated by Cynthia Haft

Claire- Emily Handlin

Francoise- Michelle Traub

Ascension Day

By Timothy Mason

Charity- Brooks Upham

Faith- Leah Nelson

Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander

By Preston Jones

Billy Bob- Ben Wigler

Seniority

By Eric Ziegenhagen

Fiona- Jacky Brown

Debbie- Jessica Peters

The Red Coat

By John Patrick Shanley

John- Guillaume Descottes

Mary- Anastasia Arten

Crew

Set Design- Rich Dunham

Costume Design- Celine Bijleveld, Ellen Buggs

Costume

Helen McInnes

Rosemari Flewellen

Sharon Marston

Set Construction

Josh Leitner

Jonathan Busky

Cameron Flint

Adam Ellyson

Alyssa Nordhauser

Karen Chappell

Lighting Design- JC Carter

Sound Design- Craig Raisner

Master Electrician- Nicole D'Amico

LSD

Adam Berson

Matt Dilmaghani

Alexa Zimmerman

Lighting Board Operator - Ronnie Wilson

Sound Board Operator - Dan Franco

Director's Note

Tonight we would like to share with you a special collection of scenes from various plays and playwrights. In each selection we will witness the effect of significant choices in the characters' relationships and lives. Starting in ancient Greece and climbing the years all the way to contemporary America, we will discover that people really do have a universal experience "Age to Age."

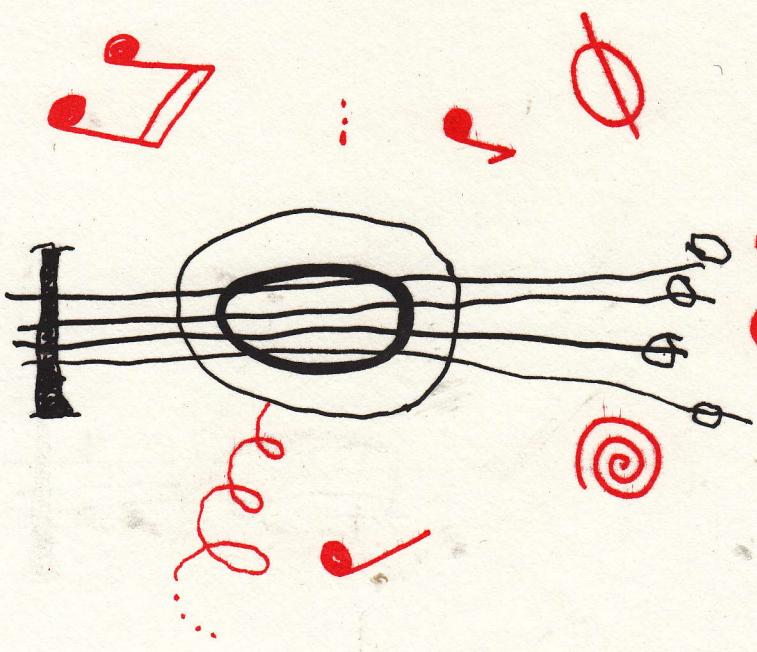
Special Thanks to Pub, Brett Kizner, the Theatre Arts Department, Sarah Levithan, Jaki Silver, the Directors and of course, Ernst Bulova, the man who makes our experiences possible. Enjoy!!!!!!

The Music —



• staff recital •

95



Monday the third of July

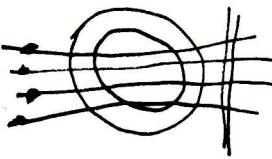
A Music SHD

Production '95.

The entire staff is delighted to welcome you to the first of many great concerts, right here, at the music shed. Sit back, relax and enjoy music under the stars. You will hear performances in every musical idiom; solos, duets, trios, and much more. Your favorite form of music is only one performance away.

Dan Seidan
Mike Fittipaldi
Colin Schleifer J.C.
Allegra Bartko J.C.
Dave "the Fish" Kin J.C.
Myq Kaplan C.I.T
Matt Haicken C.I.T
Bryan Newman C.I.T
Chris Conley C.I.T
Geoffrey Goldman

Jay Hassan
Ted Masur
Erica Blumberg
Sarah Egan
Jim Wallenberg
Peter Galub
Elizabeth Rowbotham
Valeri Liiva
Mitch Wechsler



Buck's Rock Camp

59 Bucks Rock Rd., New Milford, CT 06776

Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck's Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT 06776



Max Pipsin

Romeo & Juliet

July 12 1995



Director: Steve Ansell
Assistant Director: Abby Rasminsky

Stage Manager: Stacey Gish
Assistant Stage Manager: Michael Penman

Cast:

Montague
Romeo: Sam Kusnetz
Benvolio: Megan Hart
Montague: Richard Scott
Lady Montague: Gwen Kelly
Abram: Ted Alexander
Balthasar: Amanda Quaid

Capulet

Juliet: Lizzie Sroka
Nurse: Rosie Benton
Tybalt: Eric Hirsch
Capulet: Miyq Kaplan
Lady Capulet: Jen Holmes
Sampson: Allen Loeb
Gregory: James Granger

Mercutio: Isaac Butler
Friar Laurence: David Hamon
Paris: Jake Lulen
Apothecary: James Granger

Crew:

Set Design: Rich Dunham, Jon Busky, Karen Chappell,
Adam Ellison, Cameron Flint and Alyssa Nordhauser

Cast:

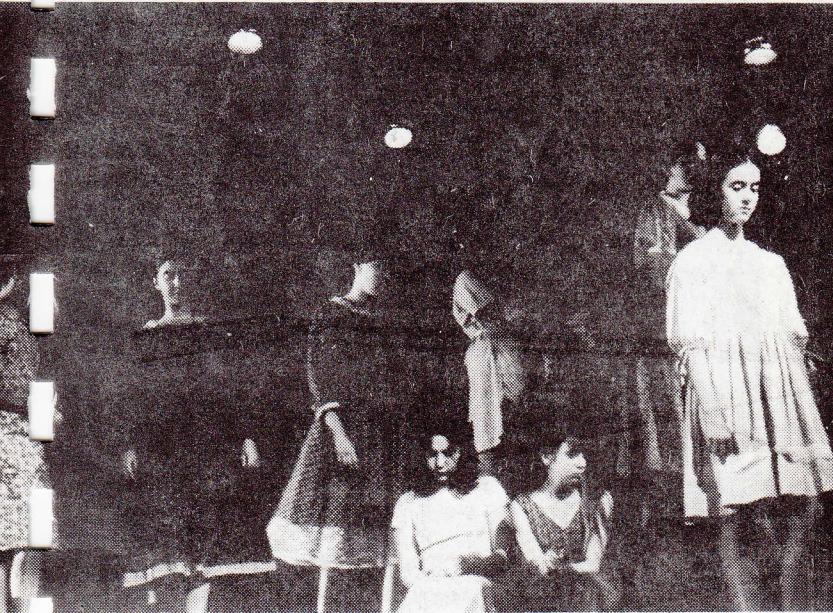
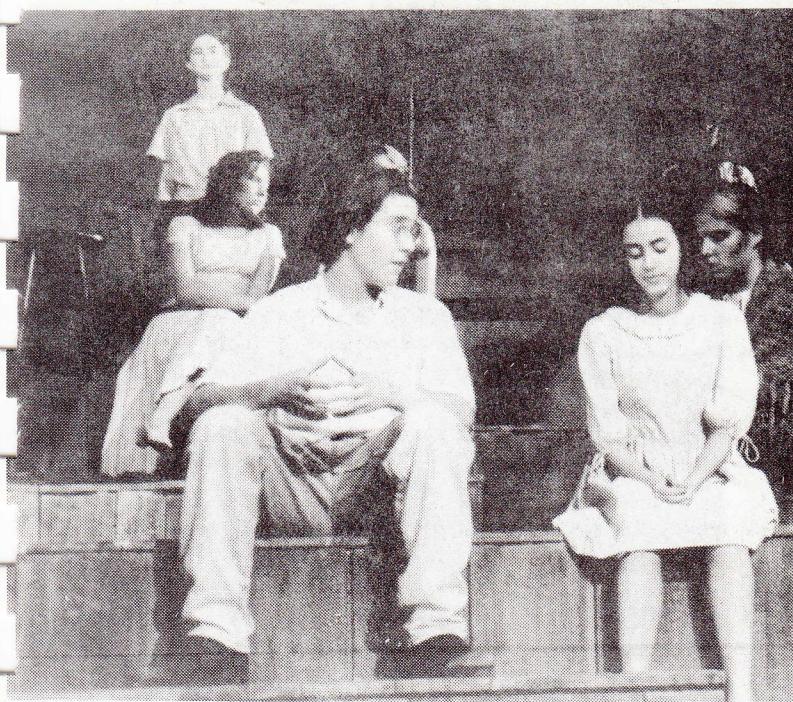
Lighting Design: Greg Dratva
Master Electrician: Alexa Zimmerman
Lighting Board Operators: Chava Meed, Barrett Tryon
Repatch Operator: Brett Kizner
Sound Design: Bill Fann
Sound Board Operator: Ron Wilson
LSD Crew: J.C. Carter, Bill Jakab, Tony Scortino,
Nicole D'Amico, Guy Bauer, Brett Kizner, Craig Raisner,
Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson, Ronnie Wilson

Costume Design:

Sharon Marston, Helen McInnes
Costume Crew:
Ellen Baggs, Rosemarie Flewelling, Celine Bijleveld

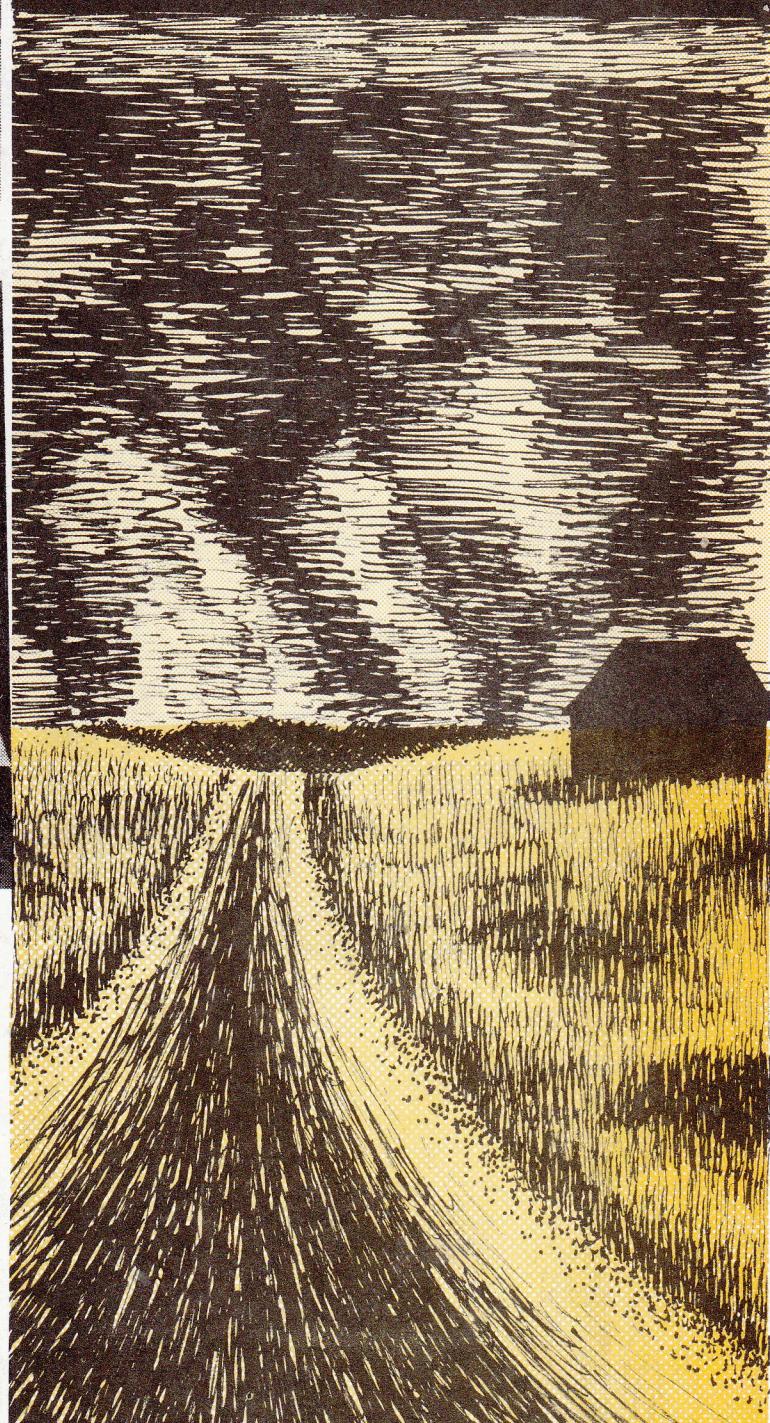
Special Thanks To: David Iserson, Jeff Samuels, *The Glass Shop*,
Juliet Ross, Jonathan Parley, *The Clowns, Maintenance,*
Al Rubin and the Kitchen Staff, Allegra Bartko, Lauren Katz,
Pub, and of course, Ernst.

*This show is dedicated to David and Lesley, may they rest in
peace.*



Rimers of Eldridge

7/15/95



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck's Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT 06776

Director: *Rose Bonczek*
Assistant Director: *Siobhan Lockhart*
Stage Manager: *Isaac Butler*

"The Harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved."

-*Jeremiah 8:20*

CAST:

Robert Conklin - *John Levy*
Eva Jackson - *Lily Thom*
Evelyn Jackson - *Rebbie Weinberger*
Nelly Windrod - *Wiley Bowen*
Mary Windrod - *Emily Mendelsohn*
Patsy Johnson - *Laura Millendorf*
Mavis Johnson - *Sasha Robbins*
Peck Johnson - *Philip Haspel*
Josh Johnson - *Matt Haicken*
Lena Truit - *Sarah Handelman*
Martha Truit - *Gena Oppenheim*
Wilma Atkins - *Halie Rosenberg*
Skelly Manor - *Ernie Johns*
Preacher/Judge - *Hartley Goldstein*
Cora Groves - *Sarah Tucker*
Walter - *David Hanlon*
A Trucker - *Mike Roth*

CREW:

Set Design: *Rich Dunham, Jon Busky, Karen Chappell, Adam Ellyson, Cameron Flint, and Alyssa Nordhauser*

Lighting Design: *Bill Jakab*
Master Electrician: *Tony Sciortino*
Lighting Board Operator: *Nat Budin*
Sound Design: *Craig Raisner*
Sound Board Operator: *Guy Bauer and Dan Franco*

LSD Crew: *J.C. Carter, Bill Jakab, Tony Sciortino, Nicole D'Amico, Guy Bauer, Brett Kizner, Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson, Ronnie Wilson*

Costume Design: *Celine Bijleveld and Ellen Baggs*
Costume Crew: *Sharon Mariston, Helen McInnes, Rosemarie Flewellen*

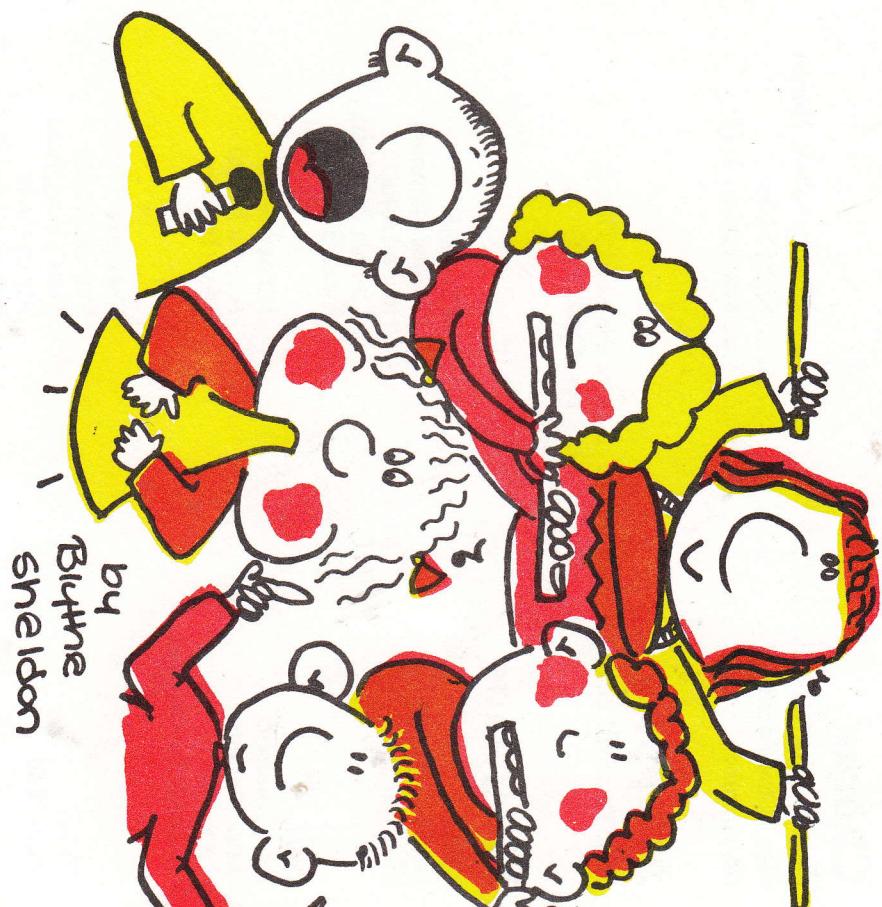
Special Thanks To: *Marisa Kurtzman, Rich, Bill, Craig, Costume and crews, Ernie Johns, Steve Ansell, Joelle Re Arp-Dunham, Clown Shop, Isaac Butler, Betty Bonczek, Andrew Lees, Theatre J.C.'s and C.I.T.'s, the Directors, the Pub Shop and, of course, Ernst*



Photo by Sylvie Rosenthal

FULL CONCERT

JULY 10th



by
Blutine
sheldon

The MUSIC - SHE

Orchestra

Trumpet Voluntary Henry Purcell
Soloists: Marisa Escalar, Matt Dilmaghani, Alexis Greer
Selections from "My Fair Lady" Lerner and Lowe
Liberty Bell John Philip Sousa
Conducted by Jay Hassan

Madrigals
O Occhi Marra Mia di Zasso
Now is the Month of Maying Morley arr. White

Chorus

Gaudemus Igitur Traditional arr. Heath
Fire in the Furnace Kirby Shaw
Siyahamba Traditional Zulu

Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow? King arr. Tibault
rev. Blumberg

Alleppaca

Violins
Jim Wallenberg
Myq Kaplan
Elizabeth Rowbotham

Cello
Ilana Solomon
Laura Stelman
Nat Budin

Musicians

Violins
Jim Wallenberg
Myq Kaplan
Elizabeth Rowbotham

Flute

Alana Clements
Kate Santoro

Bass

Ted Masur
Valeri Liiva

Trumpet

Marisa Escalar
Matt Dilmaghani
Alexis Greer
Mitch Wechsler

Percussion

Geoffrey Goldman

Guitar

Mike Fittipaldi

Drums

Allegro Bartko

Jazz Band

Alto Saxophone
Allegra Bartko *
Andrew Finkelstein
Samantha Garland
Jason Laska
Daniel Tucker

Tenor Saxophone
Whitt Algar
David Fishkin *

Baritone Saxophone

Spencer Stone

Trumpet
Matt Dilmaghani
Marisa Escalar
Alexis Greer
Brian Jacobs
Raffi Kasen
Mitch Wechsler *

Trombone

Josh Leitner
Mike Radosh
Jeff Samuels
Jay Hassan *

Piano
Dave Hanlon

Traditional arr. Heath

Kirby Shaw

Traditional Zulu

Shelley Lavin A,M
Kate Schapira A,M
Marisa Escalar A,M
Melanie Errico
Siobhan Lockhart A
Judy Lasko
Rachel Gardner
Marie Sylvester
Jennifer Josephburg
Leah Fishman
Michael Donahue A,M
Michael Fitzpatrick
Jim Wallenberg
Ted Masur
Allegro Bartko A,M
Peter Friedrich
Marc Mayer A,M
Matt Haicken
Dave Hanlon A
Raphael Kasen
Eli Mark
Myq Kaplan
Eric Hirsch A
Sam Kusnetz A,M

Bass

Michael Fittipaldi *

Drums

Ariel Nelson

Guitar

Colin Schleifer *

* denotes staff

A denotes Alleppaca,
M denotes Madrigals

Chorus

Lily Thom
Alana Clements A,M
Halie Rosenberg M
Beth Kalisch A,M
Valeri L. Liiva
Danielle Friedman
Lori Feldstein A
Emily "Estela" Bond A
Cristina de Luca
Rebbie Weinberger A
Liz Johnson
S. C. Egan

Baritone Saxophone

Mara L. Wolman
Erica Berman
Melissa Goldman
Andrea Cochrane
Elisha Goodman
Reisha Goldman
Leah Nelson
Megan Hart A
Shelley Lavin A,M
Kate Schapira A,M
Marisa Escalar A,M
Melanie Errico
Siobhan Lockhart A
Judy Lasko
Rachel Gardner
Marie Sylvester
Jennifer Josephburg
Leah Fishman
Michael Donahue A,M
Michael Fitzpatrick
Jim Wallenberg
Ted Masur
Allegro Bartko A,M
Peter Friedrich
Marc Mayer A,M
Matt Haicken
Dave Hanlon A
Raphael Kasen
Eli Mark
Myq Kaplan
Eric Hirsch A
Sam Kusnetz A,M

Musicians

Violins
Jim Wallenberg
Myq Kaplan
Elizabeth Rowbotham

Flute

Alana Clements
Kate Santoro

Bass

Ted Masur
Valeri Liiva

Cello

Ilana Solomon
Laura Stelman
Nat Budin

Trumpet

Marisa Escalar
Matt Dilmaghani
Alexis Greer
Mitch Wechsler

Viola

Sarah Wild

Percussion

Geoffrey Goldman

Guitar

Mike Fittipaldi

Drums

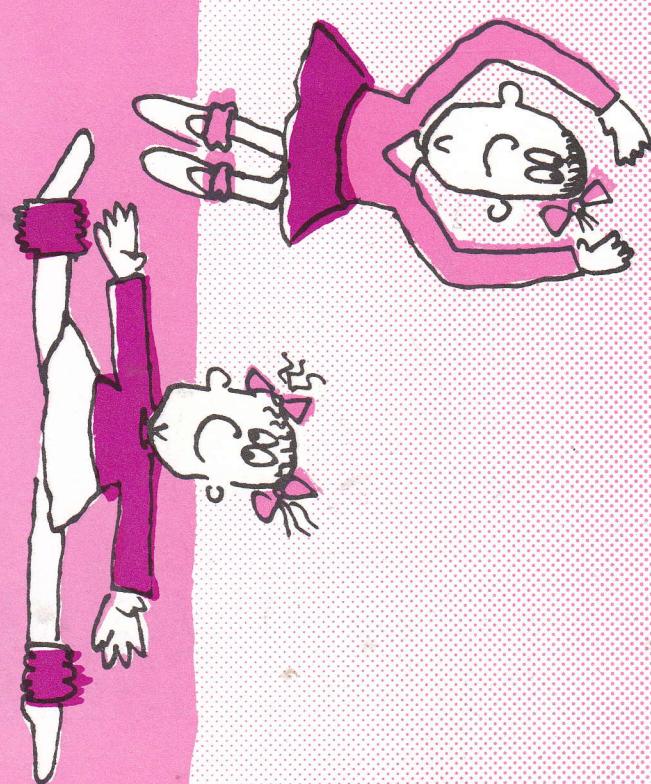
Allegro Bartko

DANCE INFORMATION



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck's Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT. 06776

July 19/20 1995



DANCE PERFORMANCE

Wednesday, July 19th, 1995
Thursday, July 20th, 1995

ISINESS OF LOVE Composer: P. Roy, N. Klein, H. Hersh
Choreographed and danced by

Sannah Meyers

Emily Price

Kerrith Solomon

BUDÆ Composer: Enya
Choreographer: Erica Baumgart

Performers: Erica Baumgart

Gwen Kelly

Morgan Witkin

linky Medley Composer: Various Artists
Choreographer: Peter Tucci

Performers: Amy Miot-Levinson

Kerrith Solomon

Peter Tucci

ream On Composer: Stephen Tyler
Choreographer: Gwen Kelly

Performers: Vanessa Henke

Gwen Kelly

The Interlude Composer: Lynn Stanford
Choreographer: Katherine Tyler, assisted by Kirti Elson

Performers: Lori Feldstein

Amy Miot-Levinson

Kerrith Solomon

Morgan Witkin

Never Loved A Man Composer: Ronnie Shannon
Choreographer: Katherine Tyler

Performers: Erica Baumgart

Rachel Brown

Renay Frankel

Vanessa Henke

Debbie Horwitz

Gwen Kelly

Caren Kramer

Chatoa Meed

Hannah Meyers

Amy Miot-Levinson

Sing, Sing, Sing Composer: Benny Goodman

Choreographer: Amanda Quaid

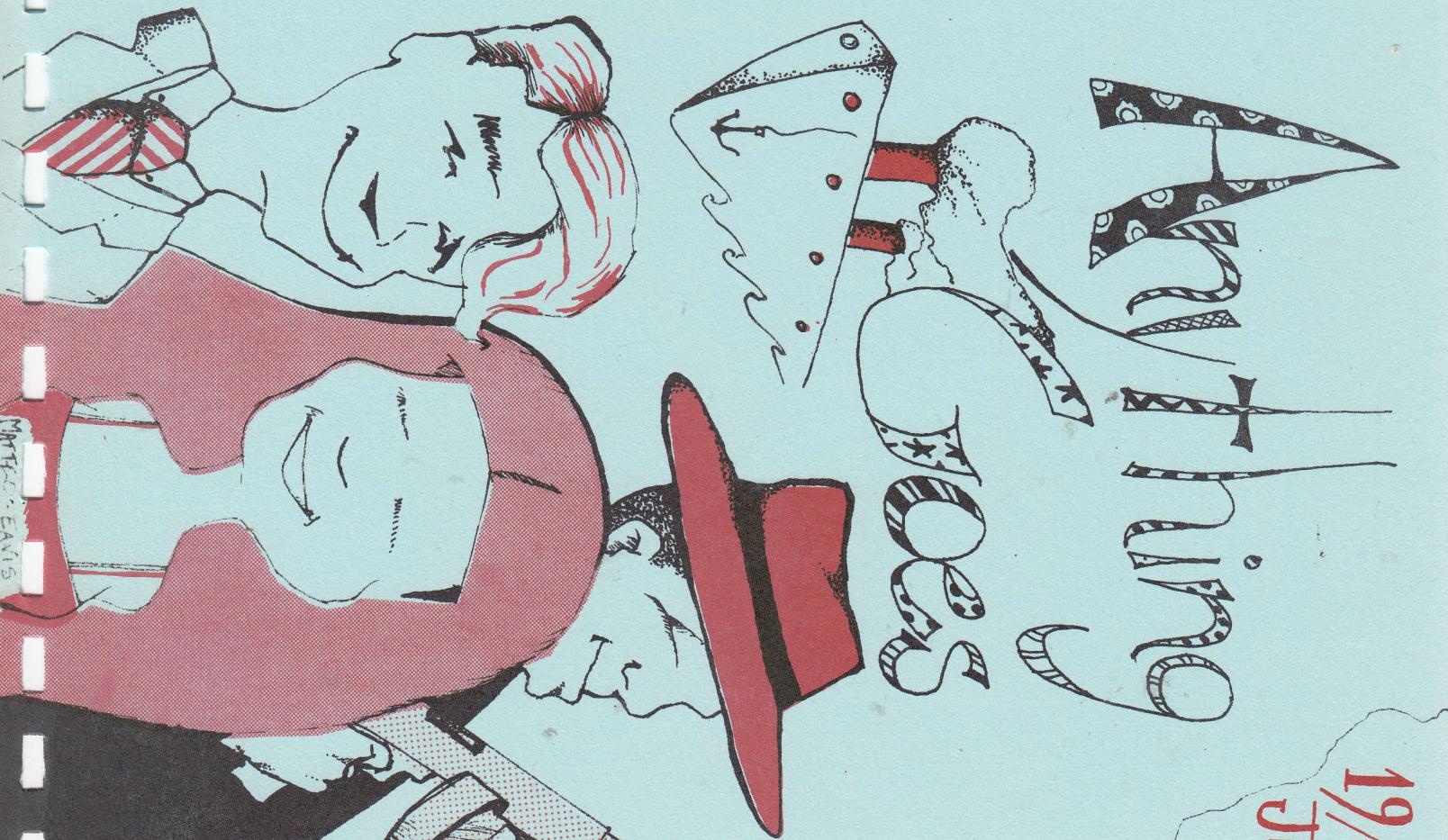
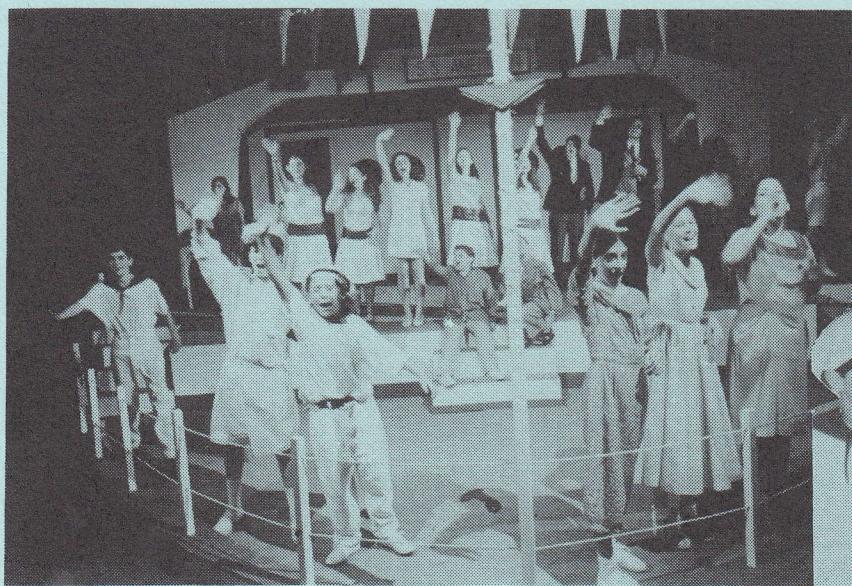
Performers: Gwen Kelly

Amanda Quaid

Stephanie Victor

12) Finale
Entire company

Special Thanks: Richard Dunham, the LSD-crew, Jim Wallenberg, Elizabeth Rowbotham, the Costume Shop, The Pub Shop, Liz Scheiter, and, of course, Ernst.



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Road,
New Milford, CT. 06776

Anything Goes a Musical Comedy

Ship's Passengers

Lily Traub, Lisa Schulman, Mara Wolman, Rachel Swift, Lauren Levy, Elizabeth Schumaacker

Music and Lyrics by

Cole Porter

Original Book by

Guy Bolton, P.G. Wodehouse, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse

New Book by

Timothy Crouse and John Weidman

Director: Ernie Johns
Assistant Directors: Amy Herzog and Sarah Hirshman
Musical Director and Conductor: Erika Blumberg
Dresser: Amanda Lipitz
Design: Rich Dunham
Hitting Design: J.C. Carter and Alexa Zimmerman
and Design: Craig Raisner
Stume Design: Helen McInnes and Ellen Baggs
cal Coach: Sarah Egan

List of Characters

anno Sweeney.....Amanda Lipitz
pe Harcourt.....Eve Kagan
angeline Harcourt.....Sarah Levithan
ard Evelyn Oakleigh.....Abe Goldfarb
sha Whitney.....Raphael Kasen
ly Crocker.....Josh Asen
onface Martin.....Matt Fantaci
ma.....Melanie Errico
ke.....Michael Donahue
hn.....Jaki Silver
p's Captain.....Beth Kalisch
p's Purser.....Jason Klein
d the Bartender.....Ian Schleifer
gels/Dance Captains
Purity.....Lindsay Hoops
Chastity.....Zoë Levy
Charity.....Reisha Goldman
Virtue.....Thomasin Franken

Quartet/Sailors

Hart, Barry Tropp, Jon Parley, the
Allegro Bartko, Megan Hart, Barry Tropp, Jon Parley, the
Directors, Rose Bonczek, Steve Ansell, the Pub Shop, and Ernst.
Warren Sroka
Ian Schleifer
Peter Tucci
Jason Klein

Ship's Passengers

Lily Traub, Lisa Schulman, Mara Wolman, Rachel Swift, Lauren Levy, Elizabeth Schumaacker

Orchestra

Piano.....Elizabeth Rowbotham
Bass.....Mike Fittipaldi
Guitar.....Peter Galub
Drums.....Geoff Goldman
Violin.....Jim Wallenberg
Trumpet.....Mitch Weschler
Reeds.....Jay Hassan
Percussion.....David Fishkin
Allegro Bartko
Ted Masur
Valeri Liiva

LSD Crew

Nicole D'Amico, Greg Dratva, Bill Jakab, Bill Hann, Tony Sciorino,
Adam Berson, Matt Dilmaghani
Lighting Board Operator.....Alexa Zimmerman
Sound Board Operator.....Ron Wilson

Set Crew

John Busky, Adam Elyson, Cameron Flint, Karen Chappell, Alyssa
Nordhauser, Josh Leitner, Andrew Rosenberg, Sam Kusnetz, Mike
Vanning

Costume Crew

Rosemary Flewellen, Celine Bijleveld, Sharon Marston
Props.....Jen Holmes, Sarah Tucker, Robbie Weinberger, Gillian Foley,
Rosie Benton

Special Thanks

Reisha Goldman
Thomasin Franken
Warren Sroka
Ian Schleifer
Peter Tucci
Jason Klein

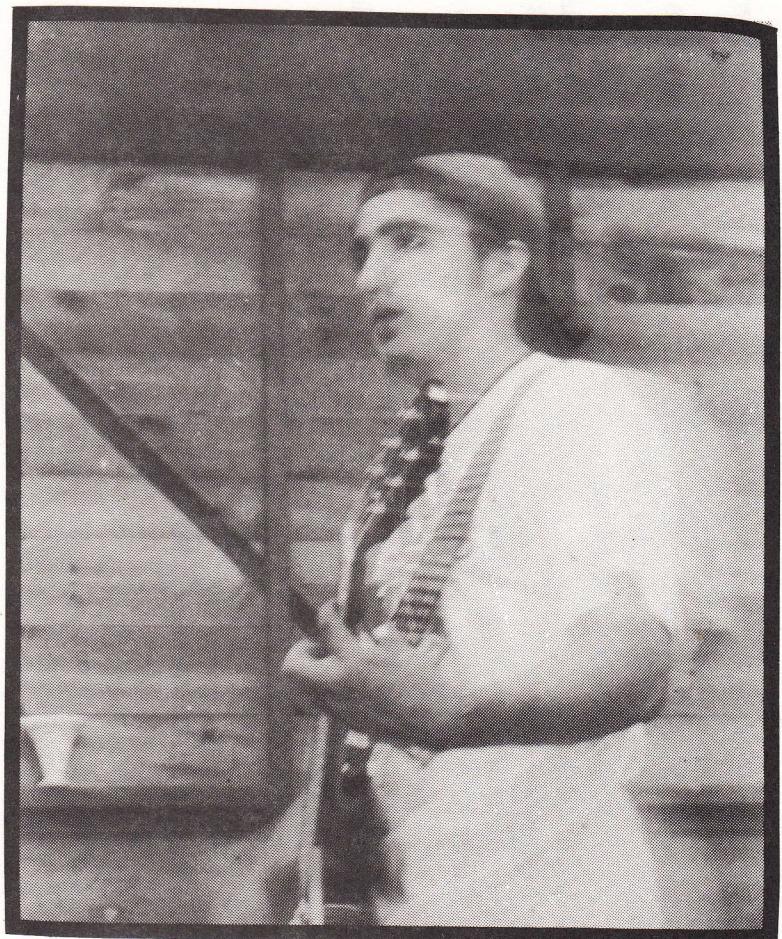


Photo by Sylvie Rosenthal

The Music Show

CAMPER RECITAL

by Blithe Sheldon

JULY 21

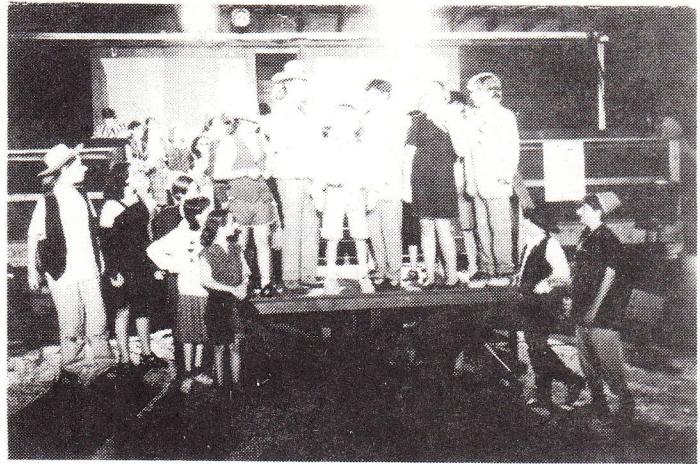
Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776



Camper Recital

and Give My Life For You	from "Miss Saigon"	Naive Melody (This Must Be The Place)	David Byrne
Lauren Levy	Boubil and Schonberg	Danya Gass and Peter Galub , guitar	Sarabanda and Gavotta
On My Own		Marisa Escobar , trumpet	Corelli
Nina Krauss		accompañed by Ted Masur	
Dreamed a Dream	L'Chi Lach	Debbie Friedman	
Allison Nahmias	Sound of Silence	Simon and Garfunkel	
Connymoon for Two			
The Chicken			Beethoven
Jazz Improvisation Thang <i>directed by David Fishkin</i>			
Prelude in C major	Bach		
Blythe Sheldon , piano			
The Rain Song	Led Zeppelin		
Eric Hirsch, Eric Yudin, and Danya Gass			
Gigue	Bach		
Nat Budin , cello			
accompañed by Elizabeth Rowbotham			
Loved You Once in Silence	Lerner and Lowe		
Beth Kalisch	Boubil and Schonberg		
Who Am I?			
Mike Roth			
Original Piece	Kahn		
Sam Kahn , trumpet			
Original Piece	Conley		
Chris Conley , guitar			
Where is Love?	from "Oliver"		
Spencer Stone and Valeri Liiva , flutes	Lennon/McCartney		
Blackbird			
Melissa Goldman , guitar			
Invention	Bach		
Rachel Gardner and Jay Hassan , clarinets			
Bouee	Bach		
Alana Clements , flute and Rachel Gardner , clarinet			Indigo Girls
Closer to Fine			
Danielle Friedman			
Duo for Violin and Cello	Beethoven		
Laura Stelman , cello and Jim Wallenberg , violin			

Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776



Yo' Mama's So Western A Clown Show in One Act

July 21, 1995

"A smart ass just don't fit in a saddle."

-Texas Bix Bender (in A Cowboy's Guide to Life)

"I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride; I'm wanted, WANTED, dead or alive."

-Bon Jovi

Cast: (in no particular order)

Murray Goldbowels.....John Levy
Jilly O'Liley.....Becky Drysdale
Owen Lars.....Peter Licalsi
Randall Wade.....Phil Haspel
inglebob Cowhide.....Eli Mark
on Splitsville
Jerk.....Jake Adams
Man With No Name.....Gabe Shaykin
Sheriff.....Jordana Turek-Herman
Old Escargot.....Ali Gramaglia
Gladys the Psycho Deputy.....Emily Brochin
Elderly Caviar.....Elizabeth Reeds
Vanice McFee.....Emily Weinstein
The Dealer.....Ruth Israely
Butch.....Marc Mayer
oretta.....Lauren Mirsky
Missy.....Claire Freierman
Escargot.....Adriane Sandler
Caviar.....Naomi Schwarz
Beli Danset.....Samantha Crane
The Damsel in Distress.....Allison Glazer

Bad Guy.....Max Bean
ack.....Whyle Kye Mauriello
Mariel the Mermaid.....Haley Tanner
Airplane Man.....Jon Rachmani
ustus Bobkoff.....Ted Phillips
Die the Dead Cat.....Himself
Diga the Old Lady.....Laura Weiss
Bullwhip Dershowitz.....Abe Goldfarb
Cowpolk McGimp.....Drew Casey
Video Game/ Flash Caine.....Jessica Weiss
Choo Choo Charlie.....Alex Kroll
Ace.....Scott Seward

Radini the Great.....James Granger
Maxwell.....Another Random Rubber Chicken
The Nay-Saye.....Emily Mendelsohn
The Mother.....Lori Feldstein
Sia.....Erin Fogel
Mese.....Lauren Levy

Louise Goldbowels.....Gena Oppenheim
Edna Aconafakea.....Vicki Phillips
Jailbird McGee.....Andrew Merelis
Irwin Aconafakea.....Adam Turek- Herman
The Kid.....Joey Roth
Sue Ellen.....Sarah Handelsman
Chip Lars.....Jason Klein
Abigail.....Sara Wolkowitz
Mara.....Mara Wolfman
The Brat.....Dan Tucker
Qu'est-ce Que C'est.....Rachel Spiller
Piano Played By.....J.J.

Prop Posse:

Rebecca Brachman
Sara Mirsky
Jaime Kougat

Crew:

Lighting Designer--Tony Sciotrino
Lighting Board Operator--Barrett Tryon
Sound Designers--Adam Berson and Matt Dilmaghani
Sound Board Operator--Dan Dorfsman
LSD Crew--Brett Kizner, Greg Dratva, and Bill Hamm
Set Crew--Rich Dunham, John Busky, Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Cameron
Flint, and Alyssa Nordhauser

Directors:

"Poker"--Directed by Adam Markovics
"The Pliznot Thiznickens"--Directed by Michael Gitter, Assisted by Becky
Drysdale
"Lawyers of the Plain"--Directed by Sam Hack, Assisted by Abe Goldfarb
"Robbery"--Directed by David Iserson, Assisted by Fro
"Silent Movie"--Directed by Brett Berg
Other things by Sam and Shana Hack

The action of this tale takes place in Angstridden, New Mexico, 200 miles due
west of Salty Prostitute, Texas, and due north of Small German Principality,
Mexico.

Yo' Mama's So Western was conceived and developed by the 1995 Buck's Rock
Clowns.

Thank You:

The Directors, Rose Ernie 'n Steve, Pub, Al & The Kitchen, the nurses, the awifice,
set design, LSD, Sport Craft Ping-Pong Balls, Costume, Maintenance, Video,
Sandy Martin, K-Mart (especially the clerk who looks like Quentin Tarantino),
Lori Iserson, Your Mama, and, of course, Emst.

G.I.T.s

At Night

195



BUCK'S ROCK CAMP
59 BUCK ROCK RD.
NEW MILFORD, CT. 06776

C.I.T. Showcase 1995

A collection of scenes and one act plays

1. Supreme Beings Create the World Excerpt from Parallel Lives by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney

Directed by Amy Herzog

Amanda Lipitz
Gena Oppenheim

Scenes from Angels in America-Part I Millennium Approaches by Tony Kushner

Directed by Sarah Hirshman

Joe Pitt/ Prior Walter- David Hanlon
Harper Pitt - Wiley Bowen

For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls by Christopher Durang

Directed by Siobhan Lockhart

Note: This is based on the play The Glass Menagerie
by Tennessee Williams

Amanda- Sarah Y. Tucker
Laurence - Matt Fantaci
Tom- Raphael Kasen
Ginny- Rosie Benton

2. Period Piece

Amanda Lipitz
Gena Oppenheim

3. Supreme Beings Create the World (A Good Many Years Later)

Amanda Lipitz
Gena Oppenheim

Scenes from Shakers by John Godbar

Directed by Wiley Bowen

Adele - Sarah Levithan
Carol- Emily Mendelsohn
Nicky- Jaki Silver

Treading Water by Joey A. Chavez

Directed by Abby Rasminsky

Jack- Isaac Butler
Cindy- Becky Drysdale
Doctor, Mother, Minister- Jennifer Holmes

4. Annette and Gina
Annette - Amanda Lipitz
Gina - Gena Oppenheim

CREW

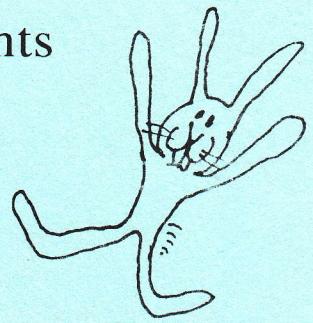
Lighting Design - Alexa Zimmerman
Sound Design - Adam Berson
Matt Dilmaghani
Alyssa Nordhauser
Gillian Foley

Special Thanks: Rose, Steve, Ernie, Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum,
Myq Kaplan, Jeff Samuels, Tuck, Marisa, Pub Shop,
Beth Kalisch, Brett Kizner, Sarah Levithan, Those beautiful
theatre J.Cs (They didn't write this), John, Sandy, and of
course, Ernst.

INTERMISSION

Buck's Rock Animal Farm Presents

ANIMAL SHOW 1995



The order of classes is as follows:

Best Groomed

Quietest

Noisiest

Closest Lookalike to the Adopter

Most Adorable

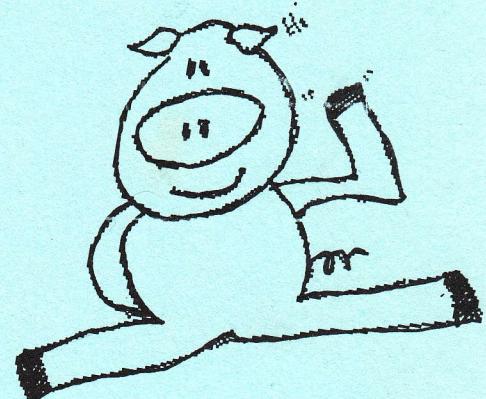
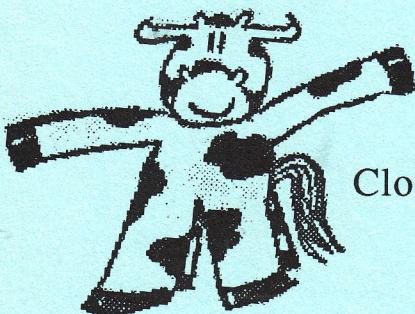
Best Behaved

Most Personality

Best Trick

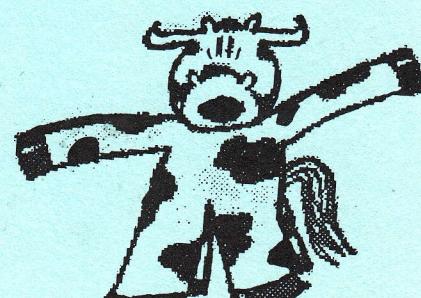
Friendliest

Best Costume



The animal farm staff would like to thank all of those campers who adopted animals this summer and provided care for them on a daily basis.

Todd Berger, Andrea Cochrane, Helen Dunderdale



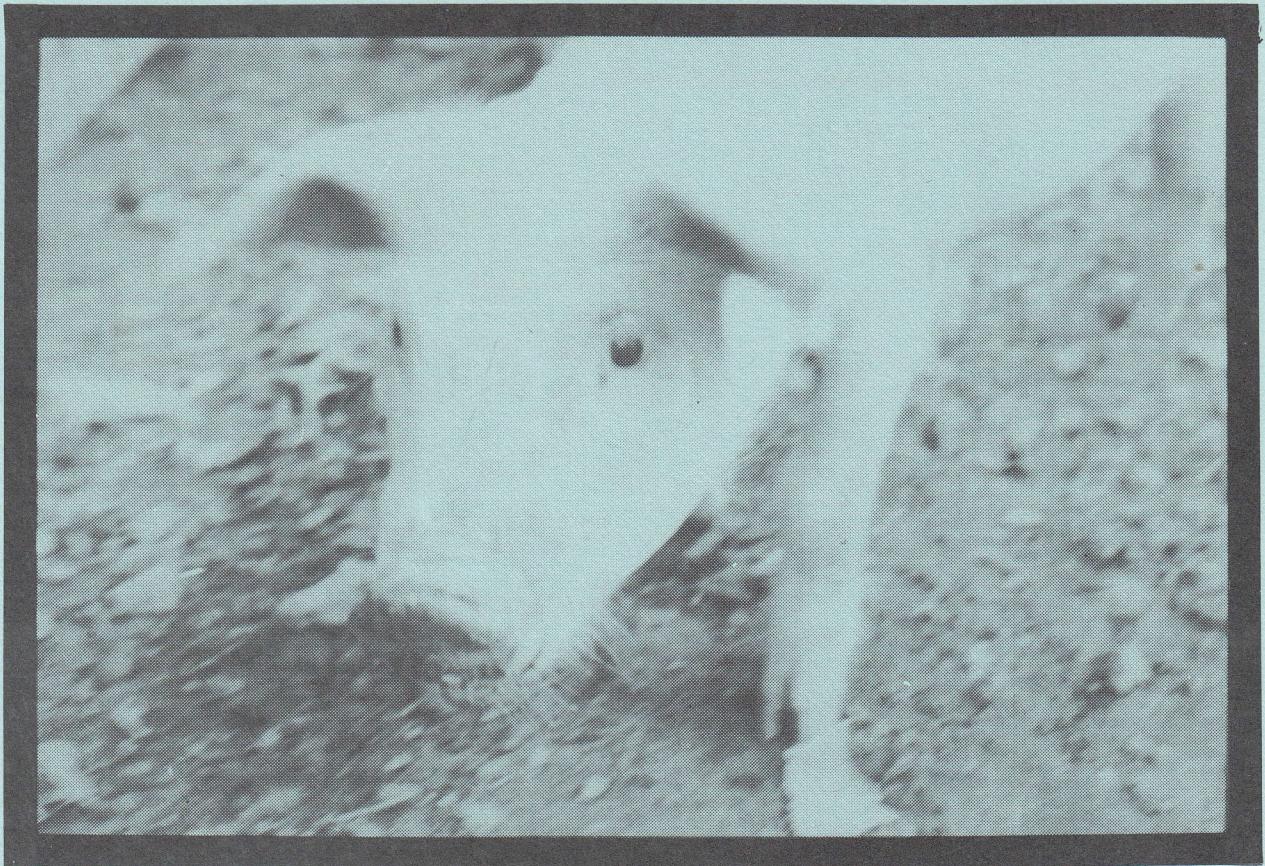
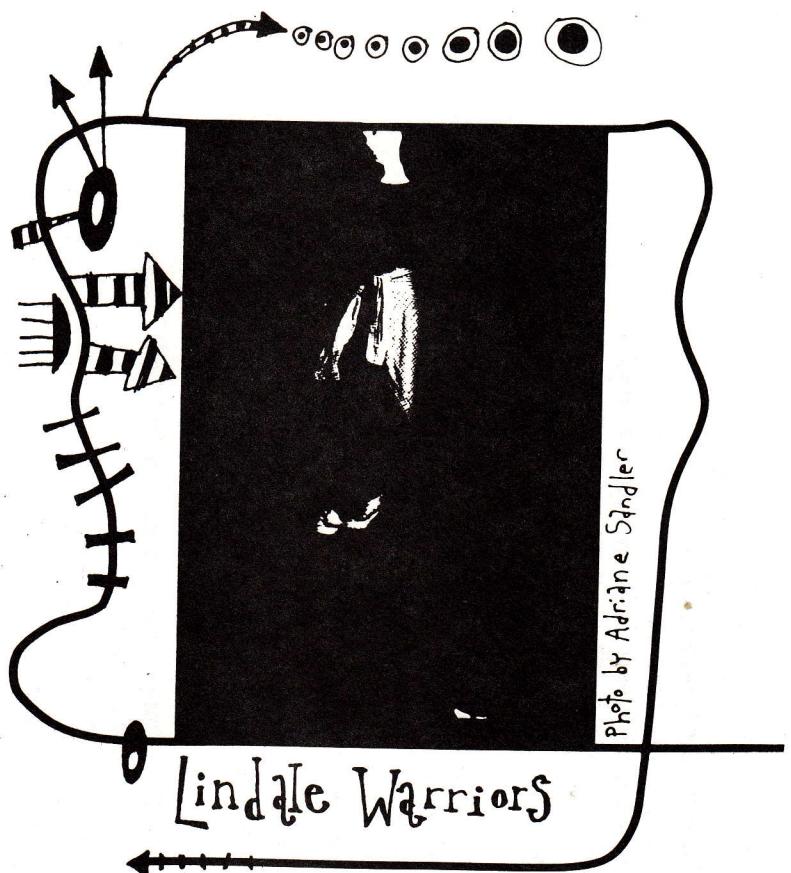


Photo by Craig Fuller

Lindale Warriors



together.
forever.
always.
warriors.

Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776

Lindale Warriors

Crew:

"Please deliver us from matching sweatshirts and 'chicken in the rough', from evenings sat on couple row admiring the flock, from Sundays spent parading the aisles of meadowhall. We don't want to live like this. It's bad for our health. Do something soon or it's curtains." -Jarvis Cocker (Pulp)

Written and Directed by Steve Ansell

Assistant Director Sarah Hirshan

Stage Manager Sarah Levithan

Additional Stage Managing by Mike Perlman

Cast:

Kitt - Eric Hirsch
Chase - David Golden
Angel - Wiley Bowen
Jen - Megan Hart
Brian - James Granger
Cat - Thomasin Franken
Nuts - Jon Brooks
Monk - Abe Goldfarb
Bag Lady/Guitar Girl - Becky Drysdale
Chug - Jason Klein
Riz - Scott Seward
Sniffer - Whyle Kye Muriello
Manee - Stacey Gish
Tease - Amanda Lipitz
Kim - Chrissy Rand
Narrator - Amanda Quaid
Jill Evans - Jen Holmes
Gavin - Ian Schleifer
Plainclothes Policeman - John Levy
Policeman - Daniel Cohen
Protestors - Lindsay Hoopes
Lizzie Stroka
Bouncer - Barry Tropp

Costume Design - Helen McInnes
Costume Crew - Ellen Baggs, Rosmarie Flewellen, Celine Bijleveld, Sharon Marston
Set Design - Rich Dunham
Set Construction - Jonathan Busky, Cameron Flint, Adam Ellison, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser, Gillian Foley

LSD
Lighting Design and Light Board Operator - Tony Scortino
Sound Design - Craig Raisner
Sound Board Operator - Alexa Zimmerman
Master Electrician - Greg Dratva
Slide Projector Operator - Brett Kizner

LSD Crew - Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson, J.C. Carter, Bill Jakab, Bill Hahn, Nicole D'Amico

Photo Credits
Original Photo Images - Karyn Lyman, Emily Meg Weinstein
Frank Miller, Ansel Adams
Slide Photography - Karyn Lyman, Steve Ansell

Nut's Jewelry - Juliet Ross
Prop Construction - Jon Parley

Original Music - Steve Ansell
Arrangement - The Cast

Music by: Sticky Little Fingers, The Senseless Things, The Smiths, and Lavender Rose

Special Thanks: Eve, Wood, Ian Jackson, Stan Schleifer, Sarah Egan, Ernie, Rose, Theatre Arts, Juliet Ross, Karyn Lyman, Brett Kizner, Pub, Sarah Tucker, McDonalds, Matteo Fantaci, and the man who made all of this possible, Ernst.

Very Special Thanks to Elaine Strange

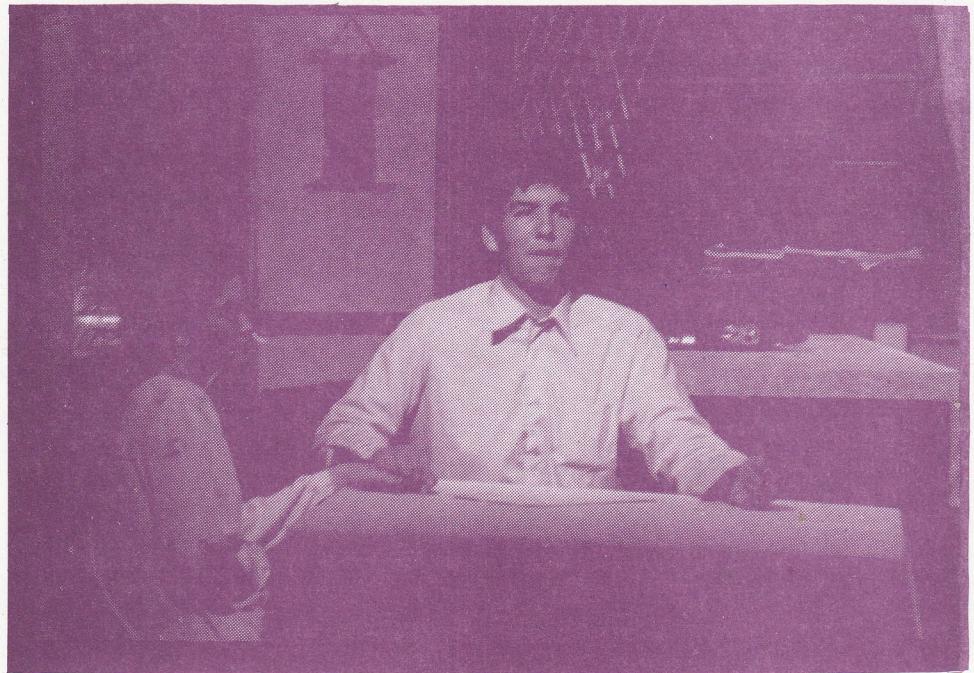
This production is dedicated to Peter, Gary and all the other Lindale Warriors I have known.

Please note that all lit cigarettes on stage are herbal nicotine and tar free.

NOTE: PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT A STROBE LIGHT WILL BE USED DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

House of Blue Leaves

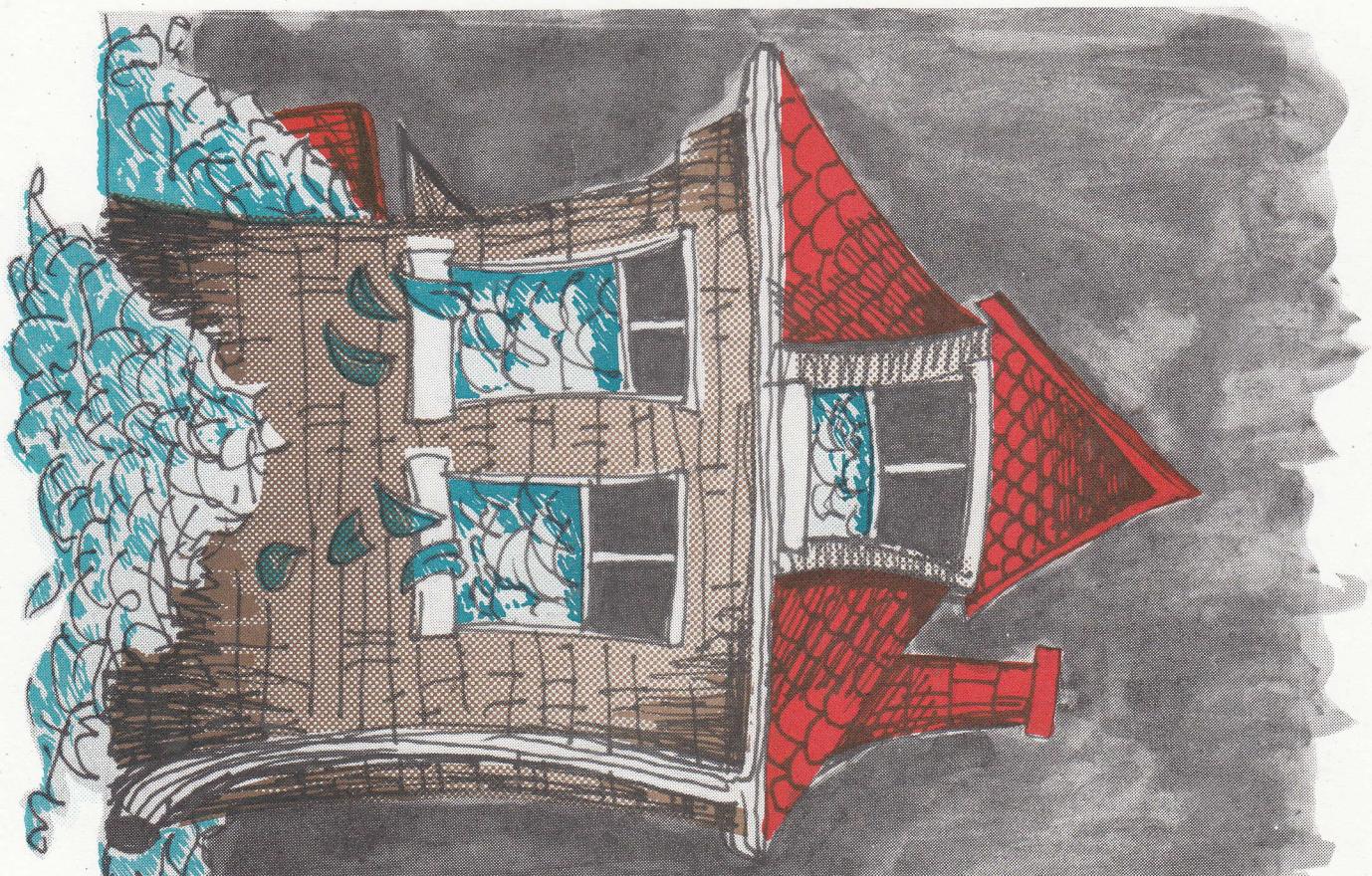
photo by David Golden.



'95

Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776

August 5, 1995



HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES

CREW:

WRITTEN BY JOHN GUARE
DIRECTED BY ERNIE JOHNS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR AMY HERZOG

CAST:

ARTIE SHAUGHNESSY- ISAAC BUTLER
RONNIE SHAUGHNESSY- MATT FANTACI
BUNNY FLINGUS- LAURA MILLEDORF

BANANAS SHAUGHNESSY- SARAH TUCKER

CORINNA STROLLER- SARAH HANDELMAN

HEAD NUN- EUNICE KIM

SECOND NUN- LINDSAY HOOPES

LITTLE NUN- ELLEN LATZEN

M.P.- MICHAEL DONAHUE

THE WHITE MAN- MIKE ROTH

BILLY EINKORN- RAPHAEL KASEN

COSTUME DESIGN - CELINE BISLEVYD,
ROSEMARIE FLEWELLEN
COSTUME CREW - HELEN MCINNES,
ELLEN BAGGS, SHARON MARSTON

SET:

SET DESIGN - RICH DUNHAM
SET CONSTRUCTION - JONATHAN BUSKY,
CAMERON FLINT, ADAM EDELSON,
KAREN CHAPPELL, ALLYSSA NORDHAUSER,
GILLIAN FOLEY, ANDREW ROSENBURG,
JOSH LEITNER, ARIANA MOSES, AND
CAREN KRAMER

LD:

LIGHTING DESIGN- GREG DRATVA
SOUND DESIGN - CRAIG RAISNER
SOUND BOARD AND LIGHTING BOARD OPERATOR-
CHAVA MEED
MASTER ELECTRICIAN - BILL JAKAB
SPECIAL EFFECTS- CRAIG RAISNER

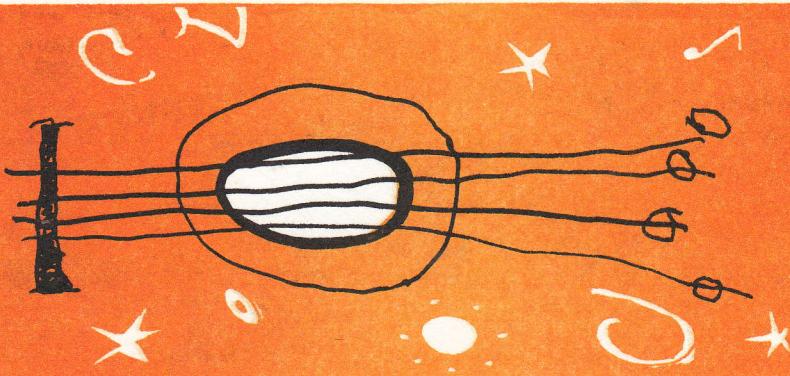
LD CREW - MATT DILMAGHANI, ADAM BERTON,
J.C. CARTER, BILL JAKAB, BILL HAHN,
NICOLE D'AMICO

SPECIAL THANKS: EVE, JON PARLEY,
ROSE BONCZEK, STEVE ANSELL, SARAH HIRSHMAN,
LINDSAY HOOPES, THE THEATER C.I.T.S AND
T.C.s, MARISA KURTZMAN, SAM MAZZARELLA,
PUB, JOSH PATTERSON, THE KITCHEN, AND THE
MAN WHO MADE ALL OF THIS POSSIBLE, ERNST.

The Music - SHE

Staff Recital

1995



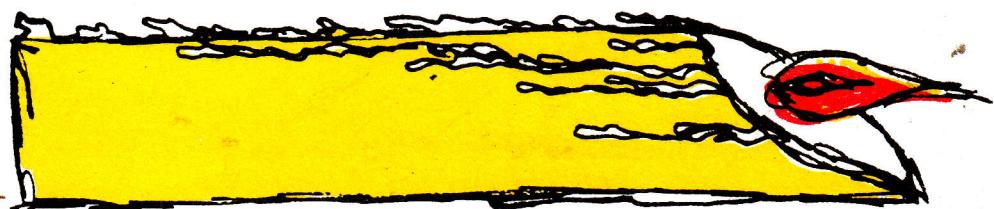
Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Road
New Milford
CT. 06776

8.4.95

The entire staff is delighted to welcome you to our second staff recital, right here, at the music shed. Sit back, relax and enjoy music under the stars. You will hear performances in every musical idiom; solos, duets, trios, and much more. Your favorite form of music is only one performance away.

Jay Hassan
Ted Masur
Erica Blumberg
Sarah Egan
Jim Wallenberg
Peter Galub
Elizabeth Rowbotham
Valeri Liiva
Mitch Wechsler
Geoffrey Goldman
Dan Seidan
Mike Fittipaldi
Colin Schleifer J.C.
Allegra Bartko J.C.
Dave "the Fish" kin J.C.
Myq Kaplan C.I.T
Matt Haicken C.I.T
Bryan Newman C.I.T
Chris Conley C.I.T

The Shoah Project



Buck's Rock Camp
51 Buck Rock Rd
New Milford
CT. 06776

"I WILL GIVE THEM AN EVERLASTING NAME"
- ISAIAH 56:5

The Shoah Project

"Theatre should not be performed in a graveyard."

-slogan posted throughout the Vilna ghetto in response to the announcement of the first concert presented by the Theatre Section of the Cultural Dept. of the ghetto.

Director: Rose Bonczek

Assistant Directors: Siobhan Lockhart and Abigail Rasmovsky

Stage Manager: Rosemary Benton

Cast

Dana Alpert

Rosemary Benton

Liz Carena

Laura Fenton

Danielle Friedman

Reisha Goldman

Jennifer Holmes

John Levy

Zoe Levy

Eli Mark

Marc Mayer

Emily Mendelsohn

Gena Oppenheim

Moira Reilly

Liz Schumaacker

Jaki Silver

Lizzie Sroka

Rebbie Weinberger

Gabrielle White

CREW

Set Designer: Jonathan Busky

Set Crew: Rich Dunham, Adam Ellyson, Cameron Flint, Karen Chappell, Alyssa Nordhauser, Gillian Foley

Lighting Designer: Alexa Zimmerman

Sound Designers: Craig Raisner, Bill Hann

Master Electrician: J.C. Carter

Lighting Board Operator: Alyssa Nordhauser

Sound Board Operator: Liz Johnson

Voice-over: Craig Raisner

LSD Crew: J.C. Carter, Nicole D'Amico, Greg Dratva,

Bill Jakab, Tony Sciortino, Adam Berson, Matt Dilmaghani,

Bill Hann, Brett Kizner

Costume Designers: Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston

Costume Crew: Celine Bijleveld, Rosemary Flewellen, Helen McInnes

Special Thanks to: Ernie and Steve, the Theatre JCs and CITs, Claude Lanzmann, Peter and Chris for the movie, Pub, The Art Shop, The Clown Shop, Dr. Margaret Rustow, Marlene and Stan Simon, Betty Bonczek, Melissa Faulkner, Sarah Zoogman, Cast and Families who contributed information, and, of course, the man who made this possible, Ernst.

Shoah Project is dedicated to all those whose stories we share tonight, and to the 6 million.

All material has been collected from personal narratives found in these sources:

I Never Saw Another Butterfly. Children's stories and poems from the Terezin Concentration Camp 1942-1944.
Editor: Hana Volavkova

The Holocaust Martin Gilbert

A Holocaust Reader Lucy S. Dawipowicz

Soldiers from the Ghetto Shalom Cholawski
...and God Cried Charles Lawless

Shoah Claude Lanzmann

Buck's Rock Camp
59 BUCK ROCK ROAD
NEW MILFORD, CT
06776
©1995



Photo by Xavier Newton



11th AUGUST 1995



Stage Managed by: Alyssa Nordhauser
Extra special thanks to the Music Shed for their performance:

Pre-Show

Canonic Sonata for Two Violins- GP Telemann

Jim Wallenbergrg - Violin

Myq Kaplan- Violin

Selected Duos for Two Violins- Bela Bartok

Jim Wallenbergrg- Violin

Myq Kaplan- Violin

Musical Interlude

Meditation- W.F. Ambrosio (Bach - Gounod)

Jim Wallenbergrg- Violin

Elizabeth Rowbotham



*Buck's Rock camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
NEW MILFORD, CT
06776 ©'95*



August 1

DANCE NIGHT

SATURDAY AUGUST 12, 1995
SUMMER THEATER, 8:30 P.M.

DANCE STAFF:
JUDY LASKO
ZINA ARTEM
KATHERINE TYLER
RACHEL BERKS

SPANISH SUITE

Choreographer: Zina Arten
Variation with a fan: Rochelle Nuss
Duet: Vanessa Henke, Emily Price
with Anastasia Arten, Simone Chess, Michelle Frankel,
Caitlin Hardy, Megan Hart, Meredith Martin.

Minkus

SHADOW DANCE

Choreographer: Rachel Berks
Dancers: Rachel Berks, Emily Prager

STTING ON THE RITZ

Choreographer: Zina Arten
Dancers: Michelle Frankel, Megan Hart, Vanessa Henke,
Rochelle Nuss, Emily Price

FREEING THE HOLD

Choreographer: Rachel Berks
Dancers: Simone Chess, Michelle Frankel, Megan Hart,
Meredith Martin, Natalie Prager, Melissa Sacchetta, Lizzie Sroka,
Rebbie Weinberger, Morgan Witkin

AGINE

Irving Berlin

Choreographers and dancers: Megan Hart, Lizzie Sroka,
Rebbie Weinberger

HN DOE

Choreographer: Ani DiFranco
Dancers: Megan Hart, Lizzie Sroka, Emily Prager,
Rebbie Weinberger

RAIGHT UP

Choreographer: Katherine Tyler
Dancers: Michelle Frankel, Rochelle Nuss, Emily Prager,
Emily Price

IL FEET CAN DANCE

Choreographer: Judy Lasko
Dancers: Chelsea Levy, Simone Chess
Melissa Sacchetta, Vanessa Henke
Alison Johnson, Liz Schlaifer
Anastasia Arten, Caitlin Hardy

DDY

Choreographers: Renay Frankel, Emily Prager
Dancers: Renay Frankel
Megan Hart, Emily Prager, Emily Price, Lizzie Sroka,
Rebbie Weinberger

Turk Murphy

Choreographer: Katherine Tyler
Dancers: Anastasia Arten, Michelle Frankel, Renay Frankel,
Vanessa Henke, Debbie Horwits, Chelsea Levy,
Chava Meed, Rochelle Nuss, Emily Price

CATS

Choreographer: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Dancers: Tony Scirtino and Nicole D'amicco
Master Electrician: Bill Jakab w/Brett Ian Kizner
Sound Design: Bill Hamm & Craig Raisner
Costume Design: Rosemary Flewellen, Helen McInnes.
Costume Crew: Celine Billeved, Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston
Pub: Andrew Panico, Roy Berman, Jon Leigh

Special thanks: Set Design Crew, LSD Crew, Rachel Spiller: Necklaces for A
Gramali, People whose shoes and clothes we borrowed, Raymond A. Smith for
the Turk Murphy music, and of course Ernst.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

Jazz Improvisation Thang

Saxophones
Dan Blake
David Fishkin

Trombone
Mike Radosh

Trumpet
Ben Kramer

Piano
Dave Hanlon

Bass
Mike Fittipaldi

Drums
Ariel Nelson

Guitar
Keri Knowles
Colin Schleifer

06776.

Buck Rock

+

Buck's

+

New Neck

+

Million

The Music Show

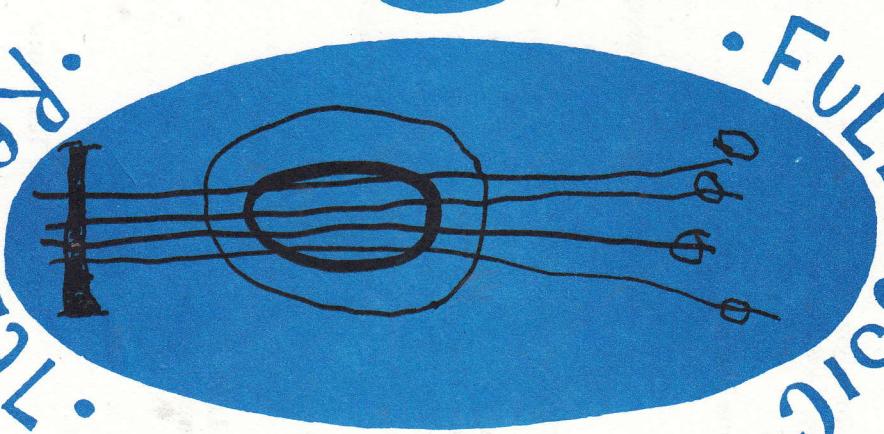
FULL MUSIC

8

13

Recital

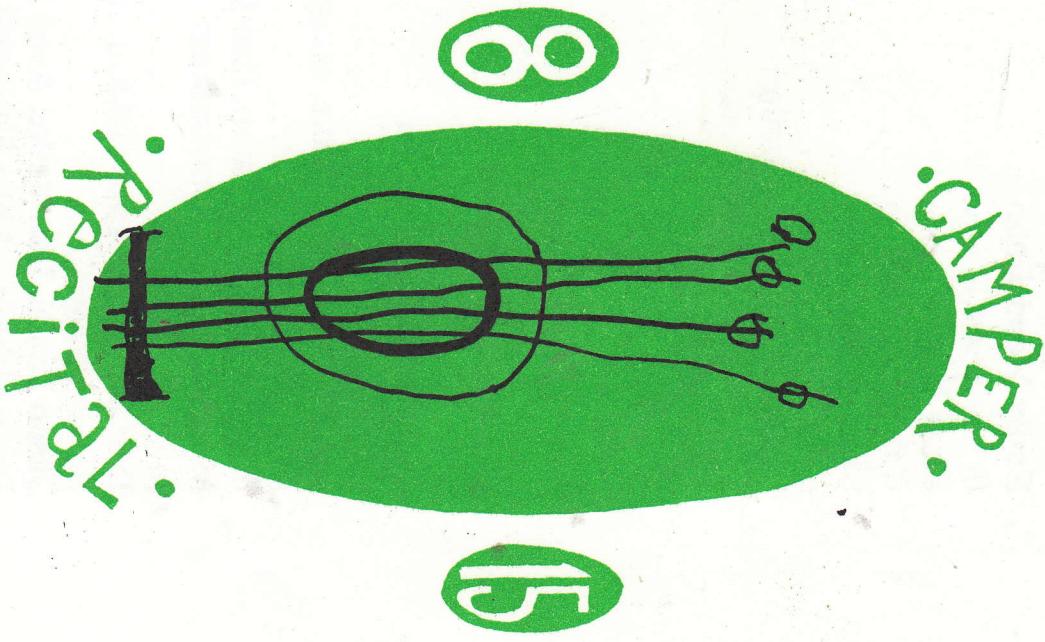
BR



Orchestra	Chorus	Jazz Band
Tchaikovsky Archie Hongroise Alitz from Billy the Kid Colonel Bogey orchestra conducted by Jay Hassan * orchestra conducted by Jim Wallenberg	<p><u>Violins</u> Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum Geoff Goldman Anjali Dharan Leah Tivoli Myq Kaplan Jim Wallenberg</p> <p><u>Cello</u> Peter Ryan Ilana Solomon Elizabeth Rowbotham</p> <p><u>Bass</u> Mike Fittipaldi</p> <p><u>Piano</u> Erika Blumberg</p> <p><u>Percussion</u> Ariel Nelson</p> <p><u>Trumpets</u> Ben Kramer Marisa Escalar Mitch Wechsler</p> <p><u>Alto Sax</u> Dan Blake Allegro Bartko</p> <p><u>Tenor Sax</u> Dave Fishkin</p> <p><u>Sax Improvisation Thang</u> "I, You Needn't" arr. Frank Taylor "What" arr. Miles Davis conducted by David Fishkin</p> <p><u>Flute</u> Alana Clements Judy Lackey Ted Masur Erika Strohlic</p> <p><u>Clarinet</u> Jason Laska Mollie Roskies Erika Blumberg</p>	<p><u>Saxophones</u> Allegro Bartko * Dan Blake David Fishkin * Samantha Garland Jody Krey Jason Laska</p> <p><u>Trumpets</u> Matt Dilmaghani Marisa Escalar Alexis Greer Raffi Kasen Mitch Wechsler *</p> <p><u>Trombones</u> Jay Hassan * Josh Leitner Mike Radosh Jeff Samuels</p> <p><u>Piano</u> David Hanlon</p> <p><u>Bass</u> Mike Fittipaldi *</p> <p><u>Percussion</u> Geoff Goldman * Ariel Nelson</p> <p><u>Guitar</u> Keri Knowles Colin Schleifer *</p>
Adrigals Sing We and Chant It	Thomas Morley	
Cappella She Really Going Out With Him?	Joe Jackson arr. Charlie Alterman Joe Howard and Ida Emerson arr. Val Hicks	
My Baby	Freddie Mercury arr. Richard Hsu	
orus ogie Woogie Bugle Boy azy Little Thing Called Love	Johann Sebastian Bach Tomas Luis de Victoria arr. Fred Hellerman conducted by Erika Blumberg	
ch an, o Schones Morgen licht e Maria healing River		
ing Quartet ections from Fiddler on the Roof	Hannick/Bock arr. Wallenberg	
z Improvisation Thang	Thelonius Monk arr. Miles Davis conducted by David Fishkin	
z Band dden Voyage	Herbie Hancock arr. Frank Taylor Burke/Van Heusen	
e Someone in Love ocal solo: Marisa Escalar e Bossa	Kenny Durham arr. Cy Johnson Louis Prima arr. Roy Philippe conducted by Ted Masur	
z Sing Sing	"A" denotes A Cappella, "M" denotes Madrigals	
		String Quartet
		Myq Kaplan Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum Dan Cohen Elizabeth Rowbotham



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Camp, 59 Buck Rock Rd.
New Milford, Buck's Rock Rd.



The music - SH

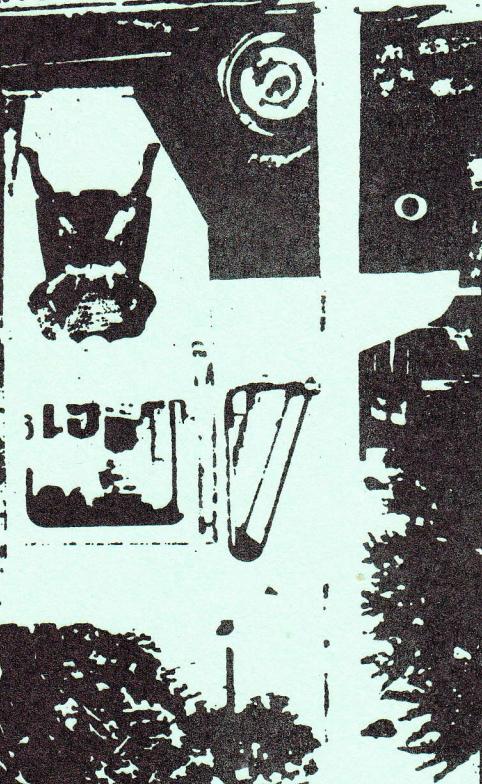
<i>So In Love</i>	from Kiss Me Kate
Hillary Cohn <i>Somewhere Out There</i>	from An American Tail
Julia Bell & Lauren Levy <i>Everything's Coming Up Roses</i>	from Gypsy
Reisha Goldman <i>Clouds</i>	Joni Mitchell
Samantha Garland <i>Michael from Mountains</i>	Joni Mitchell
Emily Mendelsohn <i>In Liverpool</i>	Suzanne Vega
Fizzy Koster <i>Dust in the Wind</i>	Kerry Livgren
Mike Roth <i>Little Waltz in G</i>	Herfurth
Samantha Garland , violin <i>Toccata in D minor</i>	Bach
Peter Ryan , piano <i>Scenes from Childhood</i>	Grieg
Mazurka	Tchaikovsky
Daniel Kaplan , piano <i>Air in G</i>	Bach
Ben Kramer , trumpet <i>Sonata Movements</i>	Handel
Marisa Escobar , trumpet <i>Come Together</i>	Beatles
Jon Feinstein , Dan Blake, saxophone <i>Divertimento in D</i>	Mozart
Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum , Dan Cohen <i>Invention #7</i>	Bach
Myq Kaplan , Liz Rowbotham <i>Dan Blake and Dave Fishkin</i> , saxophone <i>Bessie's Blues</i>	Traditional
Jason Laska , Dan Blake, Ariel Nelson Dave Fishkin , Mike Fittipaldi, Ted Masur	

COFFEE TEA ON ICE FRENCH FRIES

Soda

ROCK CAFE

SUPER DUPÉ



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Road,
New Milford, CT. 06776

ROCK CAFE

1. Floyd

Jon Feinstein-Guitar
Chris Conley-Drums, Vocals
Bryan Newman-Bass, Vocals

1. *Master Satan* *
2. *The Swimming Song* *
3. *Mama Won't Let Me Out Of The House* *

3. Nathan

Chris Conley-Bass, Vocals
Bryan Newman-Drums
Matt Dilmaghani-Guitar

1. *French Maid* *
2. *Fizzy* *
3. *Assion Rock Song* *

2. Rover

Hartley Goldstein-Guitar, Vocals
Carver Tate-Guitar, Vocals
Matt Dicke-Bass
Mike Reig-Drums

1. *Seven*
2. *Sonic Reducer*

4. Coagency

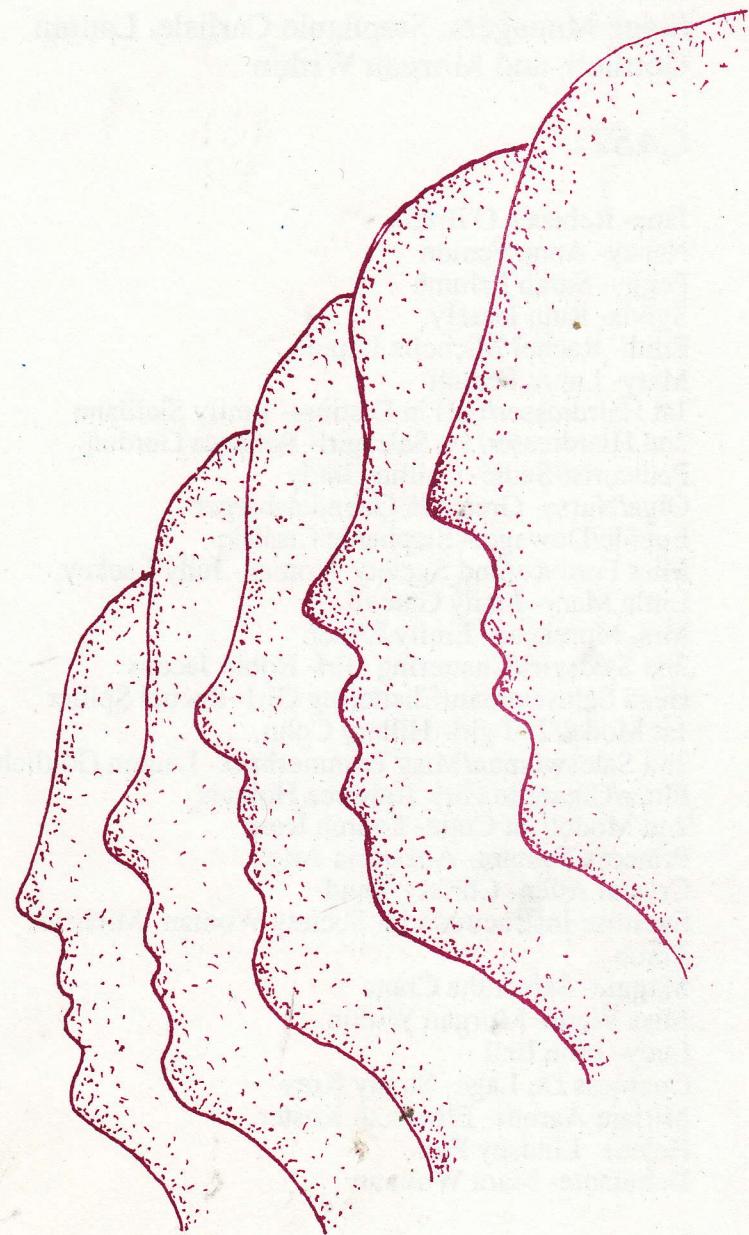
Colin Schleifer-Words
Eric Yudin-Guitar
Eric Hirsch-Guitar
Ted Alexander-Spiritual
Sarcasm, Bass
Bryan Newman-Drums
Alo Steingold-Moral Support

1. *Something Real* *
2. *The Unjust* *
3. *Incarnation*

*indicates original songs

Special Thanks: Alo, Chris
Conley, Bryan Newman, Pub,
Music Shed, Ernst, and anyone

THE



Bucks Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Road
New Milford
CT
06776

WOMEN

The Women

by Clare Boothe

Director: Joelle Re Arp-Dunham

Assistant Directors: Michele Traub and
Samantha Crane

Stage Managers: Stephanie Carlisle, Lauren
Gottlieb, and Morgan Witkin

CAST:

Jane- Rebecca O'Brien

Nancy- Anne Fenton

Peggy- Sarah Felumb

Sylvia- Ruth Israely

Edith- Rachel Michelle Lapine

Mary- Laura Fenton

1st Hairdresser/Girl in Distress- Emily Siciliano

2nd Hairdresser/1st Salesgirl- Rebecca Gordon

Pedicurist/Sadie- Caitlin Hardy

Olga/Nurse- Gretchen Guendelsberger

Euphie/Dowager- Stephanie Carlisle

Miss Fordyce/2nd Society Woman- Judy Lackey

Little Mary- Jenny Gamell

Mrs. Morehead- Emily Zilber

2nd Salesgirl/Chattering Girl- Robin Jacobs

Head Saleswoman/Chattering Girl- Rachel Spiller

1st Model/2nd girl- Hillary Cohn

2nd Saleswoman/Miss Trimmerback- Lauren Gottlieb

Fitter/Cigarette Girl- Rebecca Holmes

2nd Model/1st Cutie- Lauren Ross

Princess Tamara- Anastasia Arten

Crystal Allen- Chrissy Rand

Exercise Instructress/1st Society Woman- Michele

Traub

Maggie- Samantha Crane

Miss Watts- Morgan Witkin

Lucy- Julia Bell

Countess De Lage- Sunny Krey

Miriam Aarons- Elizabeth Koster

Helene- Lindsey Fox

Debutante- Mara Wolman

Act One

Scene 1- Mary's living room, 1955.

Scene 2- A hairdresser's booth at
Michael's, a few days later.

Scene 3- Mary's living room, an
hour later.

Scene 4- A dressmaker's shop, two
months later.

Scene 5- A small exercise room, two
weeks later.

Scene 6- Mary's kitchen, a few days
later.

Scene 7- Mary's living room, a
month later.

Act Two

Scene 1- A hospital, a month later.

Scene 2- Mary's living room in the
Reno Hotel, weeks later.

Scene 3- Crystal's bathroom, two
years later.

Scene 4- Mary's room, 11:00 that
night.

Scene 5- The powder room at the
Casino Roof, later the same
night.

CREW:

Lights: Chava Meed and Lauren Gottlieb

Sound: Chava Meed and Spencer Stone

Costume Coordinators: Ruth Israely and Morgan Witkin

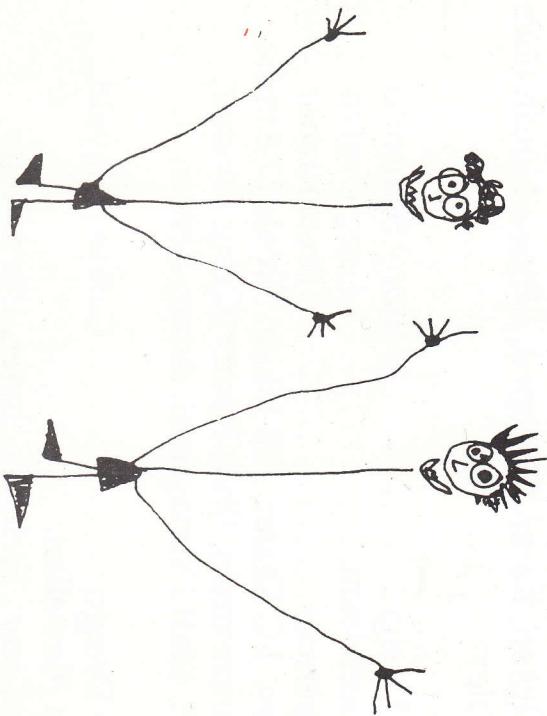
Fight Choreographer: Hillary Cohn

Special Thanks to: Rich Dunham and the set crew, J.C. Carter, Craig Raisner and LSD, Helen McInnes and the Costume Shop, Sam Mazzarella and Maintenance, Fencing and Martial Arts staff, Barry Tropp, Rose Bonczek, Rachel Spiller, Julia Bell, the Directors, the Pub Shop, and of course Ernst.

Bucks Rock Camp.

Twelfth Night

by William Shakespeare



59.
Buck Road Road
New Milford
CT

6776

August 16, 1995



Twelfth Night

by William Shakespeare

Directed by Ernie Johns

Assistant Directed by Sarah Hirshan

Stage Managed by Rafi Kasan

Crew

Set Design Rich Dunham
Set Construction: Jonathan Busky, Cameroon Flint,
Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser,
Gillian Foley

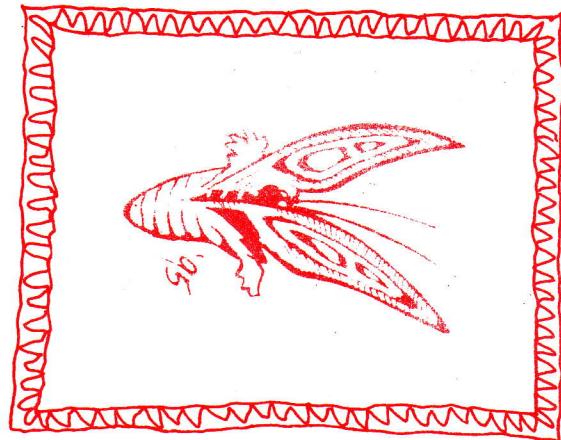
Cast

Viola Wiley Bowen
Olivia Jennifer Holmes
Maria Emily Mendelsohn
Sir Toby Belch Samantha Garland
Sir Andrew Aguecheek Jason Klein
Malvolio David Hanlon
Fool Laura Millendorf
Fabian Amanda Quaid
Drsino Eli Mark
Valentine Liz Carena
Curro Kate Scelsa
Sebastian John Levy
Antonio Jody Krey
Captain/Priest Hilary Spilberg
Officers Ian Schliefer
Cameron Stern Katie Tabb
Guitar Jason's family, and of course Ernst.

Lighting Design Anthony Sciortino
Master Electrician Greg Dratva
Board Operator Brett Kizner
LSD Crew: J.C Carter, Bill Jakab, Nicole D'Amiko,
Alexa Zimmerman, Brett Kizner, Craig Raisner,
Bill Hann, Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson

Costume Design Celine Bijleveld,
Rosemari Flewellen,
Costume Crew: Helen McInnes, Ellen Baggs,
Sharon Marston

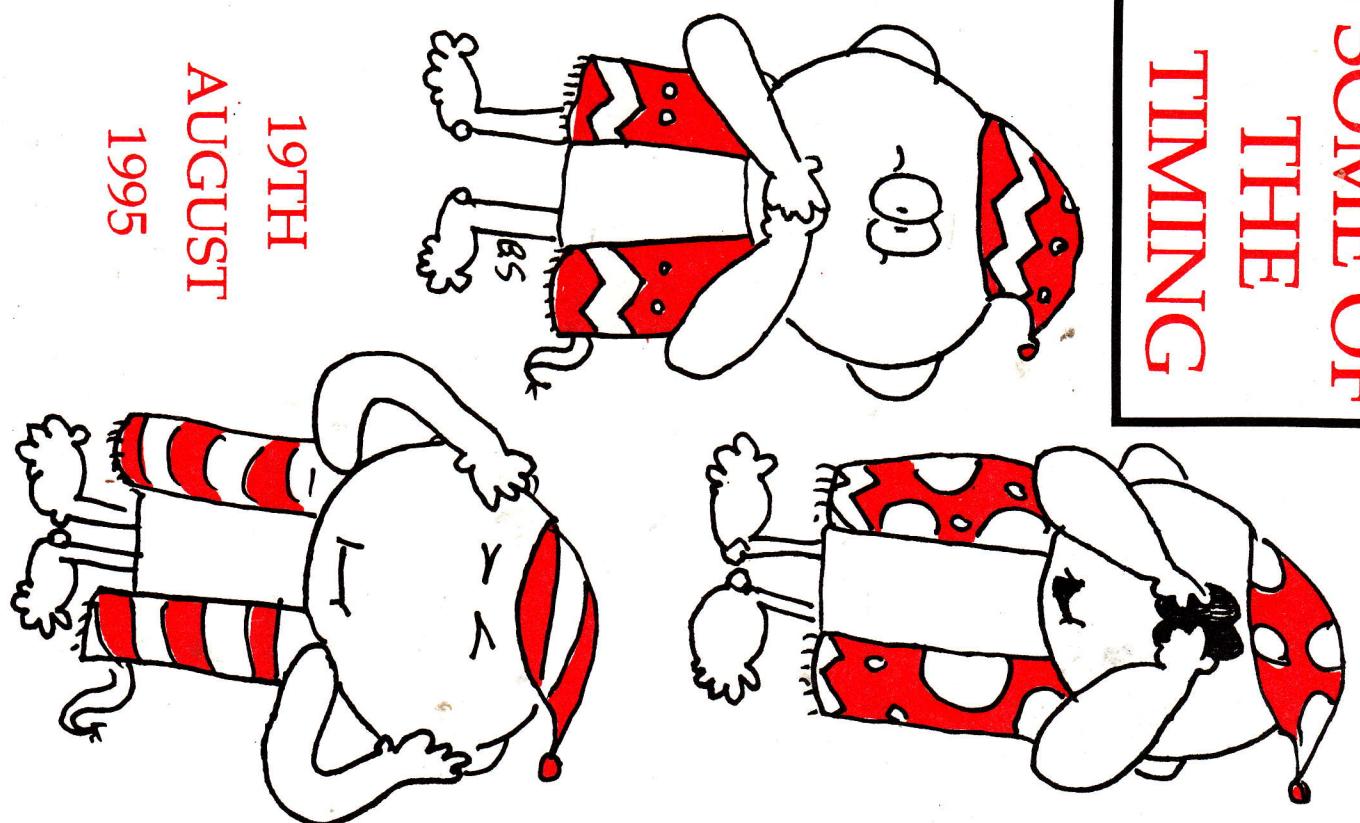
Special thanks to: Sandra Goodman,
Marisa Kurtzman, the clowns, all of the theatre CITs
and JCs, Adam Markovics, Rose the Glorious Pagan
Goddess to whom we all bow, Bob, Eve, the happy
happy bunny, Steve Ansell, stage left sneaker,
Jerry Garcia, Super Soakers, Brad Maloney, hat glue on
a stick, The Academy (Dave), Sarah's spelling,
Fabio (Amanda), Dennis Holmes, Amanda's Dad,



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Road,
NEW MILFORD, CT.
06776

FESTIVAL DAY

19TH
AUGUST
1995



SOME OF
THE
TIMING

Some of the Timing by David Ives

Crew:

Set Design: Rich Dunham

Director: Rose Bonczek
Assistant Director: Abby Rasminsky

Cast:

Mere Mortals:

Joe: Halie Rosenberg
Charlie: Erin Fogel
Frank: Ariana Moses

The Universal Language:

Don: Joe Zeltzer
Dawn: Debbie Weinberger
Student: Wayne Dibbley

The Philadelphia:

Alice: Gena Oppenheim
Marcia: Jaki Silver
Waitress: Sara Liebmann

Words, Words, Words:

Milton: Melissa Sacchetta
Swift: Heidi Handelsman
Kafka: Lauren Levy

English Made Simple:

Jill: Jessica Lattif
Jack: Scott Seward
Instructor: Katie Tabb

Set Crew: Jonathan Busky, Cameron Flint,
Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser,
Gillian Foley

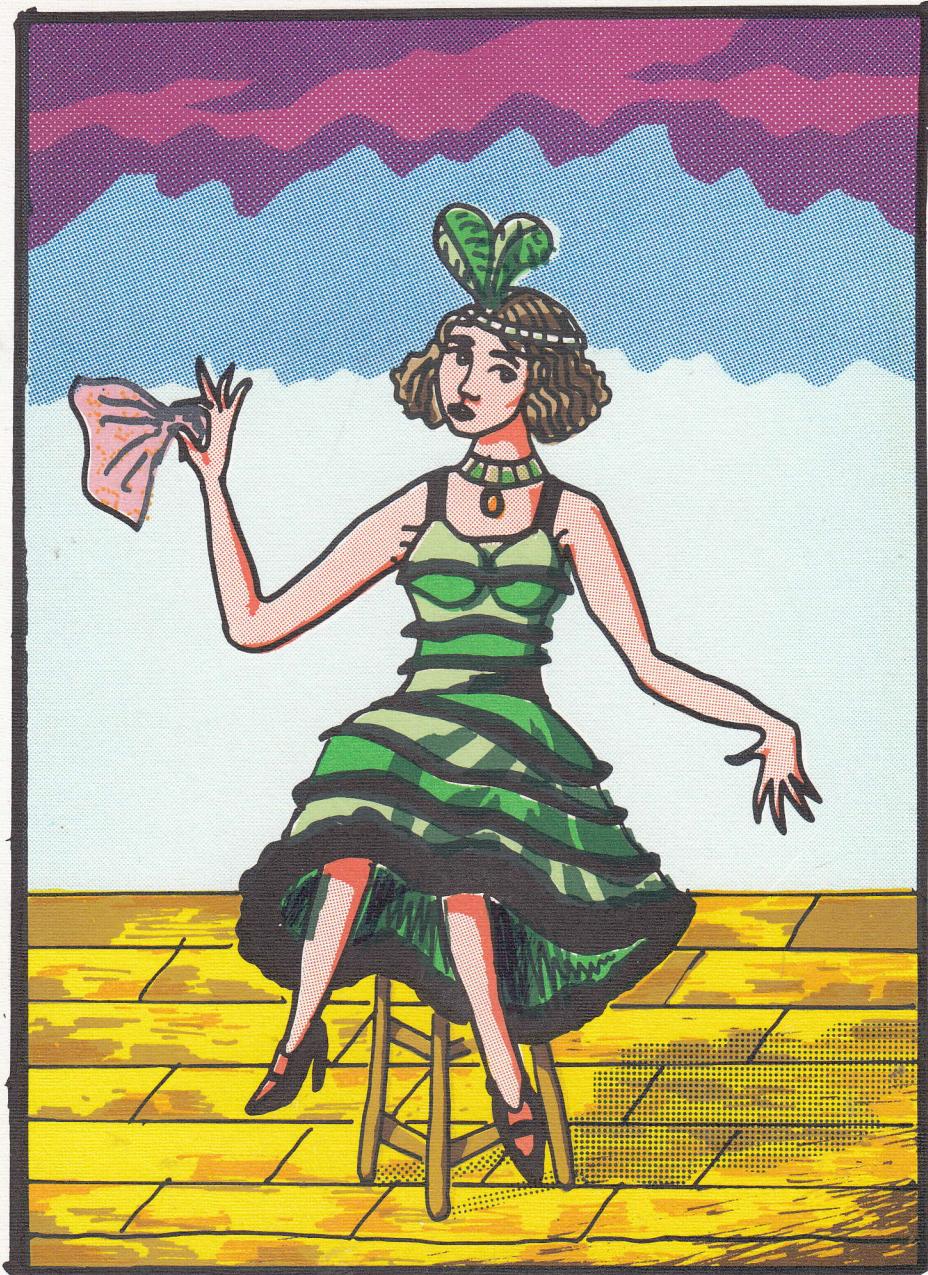
Sound Design: Craig Raisner

Electrician: J. C. Carter

Costume Crew: Helen McInnes, Rosemari Flewellen,
Celine Bijleveld, Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston

Special Thanks: Steve AnSELL now and always,
Checkerboard Ernie Johns, Superwoman Joelle,
Chelsea and Richie, Rich, Siobhan OWmeyer, Amy 35,
Sarah for the existential road trip, Craig and Jerry for
renewing our faith in LSD and mankind,
Betty Bonczek, SaMaDaAmRaGeJaEmWijelsRoEve for
making it all so much fun, Pub, Clown Shop,
Ani DiFranco, The Awfis, Sam Mazarella and Co., and
of course, Ernst, for everything.

CABARET



Leave Your Troubles At The Door



CABARET

Directed by: Steve Ansell

Assistant Directed by: Amy Herzog and Siobhan Lockhart

Stage Managed by: Stacey Gish and Wiley Bowen

Assistant Stage Manager: Jen Holmes

Choreographed by: Amanda Lipitz and Rachel Berks*

Vocal Coaches: Sarah Egan, Erika Blumberg, and Allegra Bartko

Musical Director: Erika Blumberg

CAST:

Master of Ceremonies (Emcee): Matt Fantaci

Clifford Bradshaw: Abe Goldfarb

Ernst Ludwig: Eric Hirsch

Fraulein Schneider: Sarah Levithan

Fraulein Kost: Megan Hart

Herr Schultz: Isaac Butler

Sally Bowles: Sarah Tucker

Two Ladies: Reisha Goldman and Amanda Lipitz

Kit Kat Girls: Reisha Goldman, Amanda Lipitz, Lindsay Eckerd, Melanie Errico, Natalie Bowers, Thomasin Franklin, Alex McDougald, Lizzie Sroka

Customs Officer: Phil Haspel

Max: Jon Brooks

Chorus: Beth Kalisch, Carol Faden, Danielle Friedman, Michael Donahue, Rebecca Brachman, Dan Cohen, Hiro Yamazaki, Liz Schumaecker, Jennifer Josephberg, Lindsey Hoopes, Dan Blake, Amanda Quaid

Orchestra:

Conductor: Erika Blumberg

Violins: Jim Wallenberg and Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum

Cello: Elizabeth Rowbotham

Saxophone: David Fishkin

Piano: David Hanlon

Wood Instruments: Ted Masur

Clarinet: Jay Hassan

Saxophone: Allegra Bartko

Drums: Geoff Goldman

Bass: Mike Fittipaldi

Trumpets: Mitch Wechsler and Marisa Escolar

Crew:

Costume Designer: Helen McInnes

Costume Crew: Rosemari Flewellen, Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston, Celine Bijleveld

Makeup: Rachel Sherman

Running Crew: James Granger, Wyle Kye Mauriello, Ellen Latzen, Scott Seward, Cameron Flint, Jonathon Busky, Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allysa Nordhauser, Eric Wellman, and Caren Kramer

Prop Construction: Jon Parley

LSD Crew: J.C. Carter, Nicole D'Amico, Greg Drata, Bill Hann, Bill Jakab, Craig Raisner, Alexa Zimmerman, Adam Berson, Tony Sciortino, Brett Kizner, Josh Leitner, and Chava Meed

Sound Design: Craig Raisner

Lighting Design: Bill Jakab

Master Electrician: J.C. Carter

Set Design: Rich Dunham

Set Construction: Cameron Flint, Jonathan Busky, Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allysa Nordhauser, Gillian Foley, Eric Wellman, and Caren Kramer

Special Thanks: Rose, Ernie, Joelle Re Arp Dunham, Jon Parley, Claire "The Leather Lady" Nerenth, Sam and Shana, the theatre C.I.T.'s and J.C.'s, art, pub, Liz and Shelly, the ultimate crew, Ernst for his invaluable help and assistance

Additional motivational blocking: Serena Silver

*All numbers Choreographed by Amanda Lipitz except:

The Telephone Dance, Couldn't Please Me More, Married, Why Should I Wake Up, and What Would You Do, choreographed by: Rachel Berks

The cover was designed by Peter Licals

Laid Out by Mike Hingley, Jonathan Leigh, Peter Charles Sutcliffe and Brett Kizner

Printed in 16 wonderful colors by Ian Jackson

The cast would like to respectfully dedicate this play to all those who have lost their lives in conflict.

"WARNING: Don't be satisfied with being a camera recording what happens. Don't be intimidated when disaster threatens. History should not be a play performed by actors who can't remember their lines, when it is, let's change the scenery." --Ernst Bulova



Literary Arts

"For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these, and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters and clergymen
That martyrs call the world."

-William Butler Yeats

"When the writer becomes the center of his own
attention, he becomes a nudnik. And a nudnik who
believes he's profound is worse than just a plain
nudnik."

-Isaac Bashevis Singer

"You gotta look outside your eyes
You gotta think outside your brain
You gotta walk outside your life to where the
neighborhood changes."

-ani difranco

I would like to be
struck by lightning
during a midsummersnowstorm
as the leaves are burning up
and the ash soaks through

I will ride the mountain of snow in my bathing suit
sliding down the
frozen conductor of electricity
feeling the current runningthroughmy almost
bare naked body

And dream of what life could be like
living in wonderland
birds singing in my
delusions of a
hallmarkpictureperfect world

I climb my mountain of
melted snow
as the world dissolves
around me

The lightning halts
I pause and fall
what a beautiful way to die

Jon Feinstein



David Golden

Travel Through Time

by Holly Matalbano

You have just walked into a place of time and space. You can choose any door to get to your destination. You can choose where you want to go and what time it should be when you get there, whether it is 1567 B. C. or A.D. 2894. You go up to the ticket booth to buy a ticket for your destination because to enter a door you need a ticket like a movie theater. The man behind the counter says, "What's the time and what's the date?"

You hesitate. "I would like to go to...the year A. D. 3000 please." The man gives you a ticket and tells you to go down the hall, to the right, the third door on the left. As you walk down the corridor, you think about why you chose that time.

Your thoughts are: the most important reason that I chose this time is that I can research the time I came from and try to stop any oncoming wars, attacks, assassinations, or dangers of any sort that might cause damage to the Earth. You worry, though, that you will not like the things that you find, or find that there is no future for the world whatsoever. If there is a future, you may be able to make it better if you can accomplish the task of finding the destiny of the Earth by going into the future and bringing your knowledge back to your time.

As you walk down the long corridor, a second reason crosses your mind. You are doing this because you are curious about what has happened to society, the government, technology, space travel, medicine, and most of all...you. You want to know if they ever will find a cure for AIDS, or if they ever find planets with other life forms, or if people now live on the moon, or we now have smellavision and live with taxes on just about everything including the number of socks you keep in your sock drawer. Most of all, you want to know if you will live a long, successful life or die early because you were shot or died of an incurable disease that rots your brains and makes your skin disintegrate. If that is true, you may be able to bring the cure back with you to prolong your life.

The last thought you will have time for before you reach the door is, WOW! I could make millions of dollars if I could somehow find out the winning lottery numbers and what games every sports team won. You could bring back a record of all the games and gamble with your friends or other people to win money from gambling on sports teams. Winning the lottery would give you a lot of money for charity and for yourself. You could buy a mansion with spas, swimming pools, servants, game rooms, and every thing your heart desires, including a hot red convertible car for the garage.

As you think this last thought, you approach the first door on the left. You

silently walk past, counting the first door, the first door of three that will decide your future. Past the second door you walk. The world's future could rest in your hands because of this journey. The information you gather could save thousands of lives, whether they be innocent or not. They might be resting in your hands in just moments because you might have gained the knowledge to either save those lives or destroy them. You realize you are doing something that many people dare not even dream about. You have three major tasks to accomplish in a short period of time. Finally you reach the third door on the left and stop to wonder if you really want to do this. Can you do it, can you accomplish the undreamed of? The unheard of? The unspoken? You hesitate to turn the knob. It is all up to you, to go or turn back now so somebody else can do the job. Do you have the guts to do this? Well, DO YOU?



Gregory Goldman

Untitled

She renders me speechless,
incapable of a language so familiar,
stumbling through my thoughts.
I try to find a safe haven, a sanctuary.

My silence is the only way to protect myself,
fear of the unknown outcome,
private thought kept safe
as not to remove a wall
not to expose my soul to the light I want,
to light I need.

She renders me speechless,
to words I long to tell
to ideas waiting to be seen,
I want to make it known, but in silence.

Found to be senseless
her beauty,
not seen by other people,
I cannot miss it,
Calling me like the white light in an out of body experience.

Though self-conscious, I have to say it,
to make myself heard
and understood

though she renders me speechless.

Marc Mayer



The Watching Place

On an empty road
In an empty town
Empty people sit and wait.

For a car
For a life
For something unexpected

Their eyes are set
straight ahead
their minds are set
like a bomb.

Timing
Counting down
To Infinity.

Who are they to know?
Who are we to understand?

Day.
Night.

They sit and wait.
We sit and watch.

The road ends
At the horizon
At the edge of the earth.

Time drips off the rim
as water out of a cup.

There is nothing to surface
waiting to catch that which has escaped.

The Perfect Prison.

Lauren Gottlieb



Alex Kwartler

Window on the World

Clear
Glass
In a wall
I can see through it
Enormous buildings
Tall trees
Moving people
Open stores
Colorful flowers
Green grass
Little houses
Barking dogs
Zooming cars
Slow buses
Blue skies
Surrounded by a frame,
It lets sunlight through.

Gina Lasko



Perfection

The illusion that everyone
dreams of is a competition;
a smell, a taste, a sight,
a sound, a world.

All perfection is a dream,
an evil dream that sucks you
into a world of illusion
so you are faced with things
that are too good to be true.
Everyone dreams of a world
like this but the only true
perfection is
NATURE.

Drew Casey

Amos

He, like me, has orange hair
His imagination is ever so bare
I ask him:

Hey, what would you like to do
The answer is a simple:

Don't know, it's up to you
He's not your average run-of-the mill kid
On his success in upcoming years
I just would not bid.
He will have trouble finding his groove
Saying his life was a good one
Would be hard to prove.
A solution to the problem
Will be more than tough to find
And if one isn't forthcoming
We're stuck in this bind.

He was different
My previous thoughts were non-existent
We conversed, he was normal
I was in shock and forgot this to be informal
'What's happened' I wondered
I was astonished, a s t o n i s h e d ...

R a p h a e l ? Do you have an answer for us?

Reality hit hard
Classroom stared me down
This daydream ended
And so formed a frown.
He did not change
I soon found,
It was just my mind
The trickery that knows no bound.

Raphael Cohen



Drew Casey

Silent Idolatry

I am unable to tell you how I feel
because words roll off you,
like beads of water on newly sealed wood.

And as I sit by your side
trying to emulate you,
I can only feel as if I will never be as good.

My silent idolatry is revealed only in my eyes,
as they widen with amazement,
bearing witness to your talent.

Each time your praise comes, I store it away
in a treasure box in my head.
And when you are gone, I take it out and revel in it,
like a king delighting in his riches.

And when the time comes to say goodbye,
I know my heart will sink
when the words, "I want to be like you,"
ricochet in my brain,
unsaid.

Marisa Escolar



Alex Kwartler



Fizzy '95

Elizabeth Koster

You Know, Things

if the dust behind your bed
is made of 90% dead skin cells
and the dust in space is made of
100% used-up planets
then the dust in your brain must be
the thoughts you didn't want to have anymore
or never did have
and if someone tells you
they've been "out getting something"
what exactly are you supposed to believe,
because that could mean just about anything
and just because nothing means everything
and everything means something
doesn't mean that I have to mean something to you
because something really isn't just something
it's some thing
like some guy you see walking down the street
whose eyes you look into really hard
even though you're never going to see him again
or some place that you've been
which you can't remember
but turns up in your *déjà vu*
like some guy who was following you
because he thought you were beautiful,
an opinion you were trying secretly to acquire
but never did,
luckily.
a man in the subway leaned over and whispered in my ear
"you have beautiful hair"
and I bought my token and got into a train
to stare through the heads of strangers
at darkness whizzing by
at a fraction of the speed of light.

Emily Meg Weinstein

Contains no Chlorofluorocarbons
Don't Disguise, Neutralise®

leaving coming
life changing by the second
smells odor aroma
blend like
chocolate rum Listerine thick shake
burning my inner nostrils
a stench to the right
spray it
spray it
dilute with Neutra Air®

hogwash cherry vomit
lick up irritable medication
you soon get used to
the pleasant disgust
dilute with Neutra Air®

waking up at seven
humorous grin dimmed
when we're through
dilute with Neutra Air®
hazardous to your health

Jon Feinstein

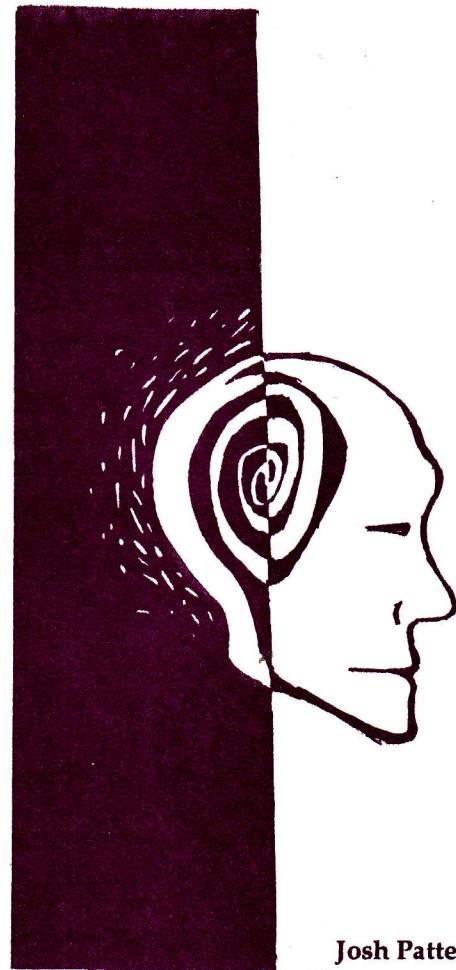


Nick Mauss

Walled Dreams

Uncolored and dreamless they run
for cover, sinking deeper beneath
the blanket. No one's there to help
them over; the wall continues its reign.
"Break it down," the people scream,
though I do not contain the power.
And through the smoke and filth and dreams,
the scene smoulders to ash.
The sea washes its enduring net,
the fish not seeing the light
quite yet. Not reaching the flying
kite. They dream away their yearning.
Deep in purest of green, a boy
picks the perfect flower,
holds it gently to his chest,
seeing not its wilting stem.
"How goes you, tiny flower?"
From the petals a voice whispers,
"The innocent soldier has come to me,
captured me once again. Beauty
cannot restrain thee, nor the walls
of your own garden."
The boy glances down and sighs,
hears not what has been sung.
Around him hangs a heavy cologne,
a frown sewn on his face.
Dripping down the flawless trees
rolls arrogance heavy and cold.
Picked by his errant hand, now lost
is the fragrance of the perfect rose.

Sarah Felumb



Josh Patterson



Lauren Gottlieb

Spirit Box

Boxed.
In maple, in memory.
Too precious, I think,
To feel with others.
Too painful, alone.
Boxed.
Pushed away.
Apart even from my mind.
Reading my spirit,
On a letter of miles away.
You are my pearl earring.
Your love my dried carnation.
Your box.
Resting heavily, unevenly,
On my mind.
I freeze.
And my heart is warm,
Somehow pumping you through my veins.
I burn.
The smoke smiles its way through
My stand-still thoughts.
My feelings, boxed up inside.
And maple can't consume
My memory, my precious.
I cannot box up sunrise.
And I cannot close star gazes.
My blood will freeze,
And my heart will burn,
And boxed, I am numb.
And I am my spirit.
And I am my box.

Rebecca Shapiro

A Memory

and I remember.
The smile on your face,
Reaching only your lips.
A mirror of mine,
Or so I hope.
Music echoing through me,
A broken record of my thoughts.
Numbing
My mind, my eyes, my lips,
But not the pain.
and I remember.
As we danced,
My nose pressed to your cheek.
The notes become the dancers now,
Wildly through my body,
And like a mammoth wrecking ball
Ricochet!
Off my empty, bursting heart.
and I remember.
As we ran through the rain,
Salt stinging my eye,
Until we no longer could tell,
Teardrop from raindrop.
and I remember.
My first shooting star.
My sunshine now is gone,
And music and rain become my
thundercloud.
and I wonder.
Is it you that I miss
Or is it me?

Rachel Golden



How To Climb A Tree

The sky is winking at you,
smiling and inviting you to join.
To waltz with the stars,
and kiss the moon.
Seducing you.
Exciting!
Reach, baby.
Find your ladder to the stars.
Look for a willow,
and bask beside it,
cleansing yourself in the moonbeam.
Reflect the mystery of the sky.
And it calls.
And you reach.
Hugging the step stool to paradise,
you straddle,
burying yourself
in the woody countenance of your ladder.
Taste struggle.
Your arms are weightless pulleys,
growing with your dream of the sky.
And you twist.
Writhe, baby.
Squirm!
With gnarled knothole footsteps.
Branching.
Spreading,
You feel leaves unfold against
your rag-doll lap.
Lying on the carpet of the tree,
your soul and body are caressed
by the moon's lit candle.
You have climbed.
You have soared.
You have completed the ladder to the stars.
Crown yourself.

Rebecca Shapiro

